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# BLAZING WEST

No 18  
JULY-  
AUGUST

10¢

In this  
ISSUE...  
A THRILL-PACKED  
HOODED HORSEMAN  
Feature!



John  
Christy





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



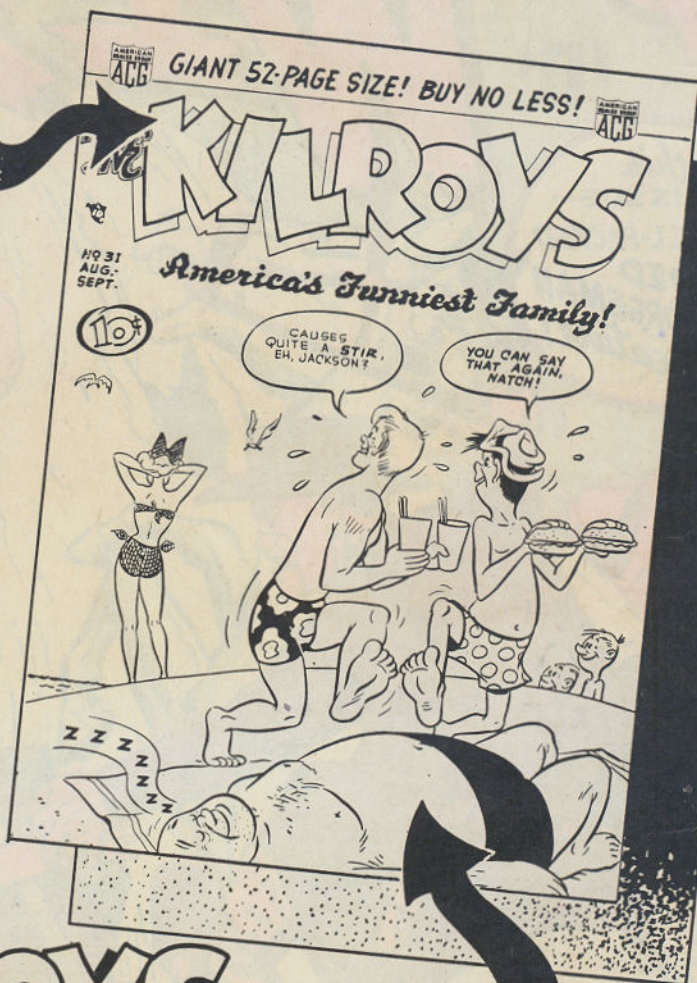
# KILROY *is* HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH  
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S  
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-  
TURVY!

## *The* KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND  
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-  
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR  
COPY *Now!* LATCH ON TO  
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-  
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE  
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE  
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND  
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN  
PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR  
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT  
TO SAY **KILROY WAS  
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



## *Read* *The* KILROYS

*America's Funniest Family!*



ON ALL  
STANDS *and*

YOU'D BETTER  
**HURRY!**

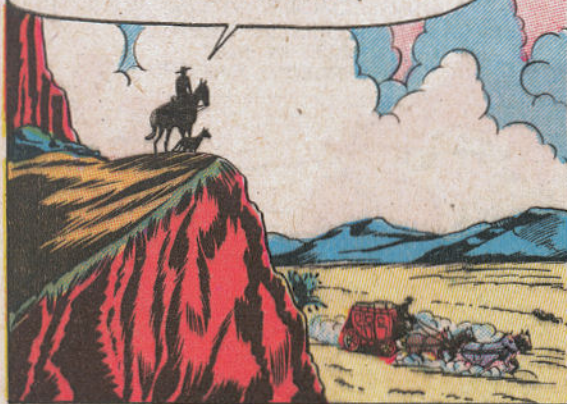


# The HOODED HORSEMAN

WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF AN UNEXPECTED BOLT OF LIGHTNING, A CRIMSON-MASKED HORSEMAN BLAZES INTO ACTION AND STRIKES! AND AT HIS SIDE, WITH AN OMINOUS SNARLING LIKE THE DISTANT GROWL OF THREATENING THUNDER, A SAVAGE CANINE FLASHES ONTO THE SCENE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE GUN-HUNG OUTLAWS OF THE WEST! YES, THE DEADLIEST DUO OF THE AGES--THE HOODED HORSEMAN AND HIS DOG FLASH ARE PITTED ONCE MORE AGAINST DESPERATE KILLERS IN ANOTHER STIRRING SAGA OF THE BLAZING WEST!



SHORE DOESN'T SEEM TUH BE ANY EXCITEMENT IN THIS PART OF OKLAHOMA, FLASH-- AN' IF THAR'S NO ACTION HERE, THIS TERRITORY AIN'T FER **BUD FRASER!** IF THIS WAS TEXAS, NOW, THAT STAGECOACH DOWN THAR WOULDN'T GO A MILE AFORE IT WOULD BE **AMBUSHED!**

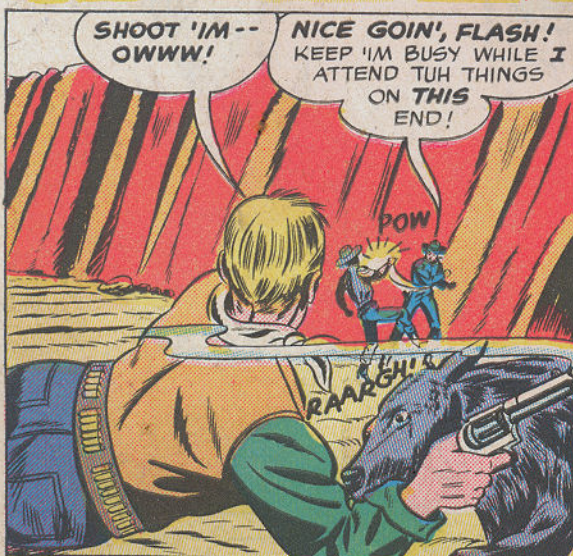


SUDDENLY--  
IT'S A HOLDUP--  
AN' WE'RE OUT-  
NUMBERED!  
WE'D BETTER  
GIVE UP!

OH, OH-- LOOKS LIKE  
OKLAHOMA AIN'T SO  
PEACEFUL AFTER ALL!  
C'MON, FLASH-- LET'S  
SEE IF WE KIN  
BUSHWHACK THOSE  
BUSHWHACKERS!

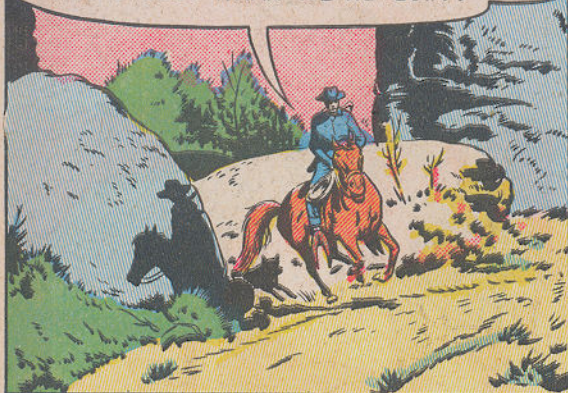






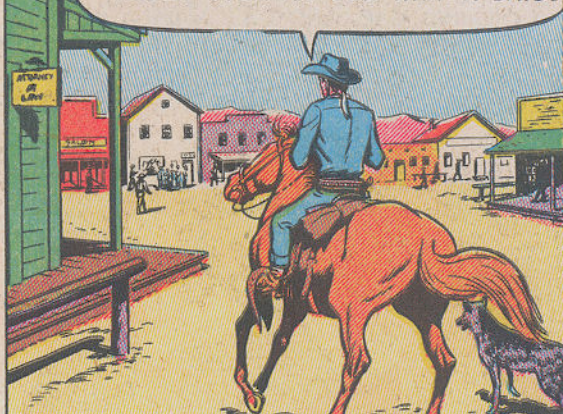


I GOT A HUNCH, FLASH---IF THAT GANG O' VARMINTS PASSED UP A COUPLE O' THOUSAND IN THE STRONG-BOX, IT MUST MEAN THEY'RE AFTER EVEN **BIGGER STAKES!** AN' SINCE THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE IS THAT THE FEDERAL MAN WAS HEADIN' FER GUSHIN' GAP, THAT'S JEST WHAR **WE'RE GOIN'!**



HOURS LATER...

WAL, HERE WE ARE, FLASH---AN' IT LOOKS LIKE GUSHIN' GAP IS A RIGHT ACTIVE TOWN! THAT SIGN SEEMS TUH BE CAUSIN' SOME EXCITEMENT---LET'S MOSEY OVER AN' SEE WHAT IT SAYS!



HAW, HAW---WHAT KIND O' GAG IS THAT, BALDY?

YEAH---IMAGINE PAYIN' A THOUSAND BUCKS AWARD FER THE UGLIEST MUTT IN TOWN---HAW, HAW!

## DOG CONTEST TOMORROW

**\$1000 APIECE FOR BEST THOROUGHbred AND WORST MONGREL. PRIZES AWARDED BY GUSHING GAP GAZETTE**

*Baldy Blake,*  
EDITOR

IT'S **NOT** A GAG---AS EDITOR OF THE TOWN PAPER, I GIVE YUH MUH WORD THIS CONTEST IS ON THE **LEVEL!** I GOT A LETTER YESTERDAY ASKIN' ME TUH HOLD THE CONTEST AN' BE THE JUDGE---AN' **\$2000** WAS ENCLOSED! THAR WAS ALSO EXTRA MONEY TUH PAY FER A SPECIAL KENNEL I JUST HAD BUILT AT THE EDGE O' TOWN---AN' THE GENT WHO'S PAYIN' FER IT ALL WROTE THAT ALL DOGS HAVE TO BE IN THAT KENNEL BEFORE DAWN TOMORROW!



WHO IS THE GENT BEHIND IT---WHAT'S HIS ANGLE?

I DUNNO, STRANGER---THE LETTER WASN'T SIGNED! THE GUY JEST WROTE THAT HE WAS A RICH OLD MAN---AN' THAT HE WANTED TO HAVE THE CONTEST IN MEMORY OF HIS FAVORITE DOG, WHICH DIED RECENTLY!



HAW, HAW---JEST A RICH CRACKPOT! BUT IF **EVERY** DOG HAS A CHANCE TUH WIN, EVEN THE UGLIEST MONGREL, I'M SHORE GONNA ENTER **MY** MUTT!

YEAH, I'M GONNA ENTER MUH THREE THOROUGHbred HOUNDS---AN' THEN I'M GONNA START ROUNdin' UP STRAY POOCHES AN' ENTER **THEM!**

ME TOO! HAW---EVERY DOG IN TOWN WILL BE IN THAT CONTEST!

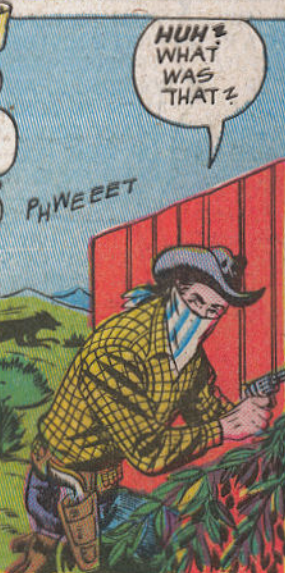
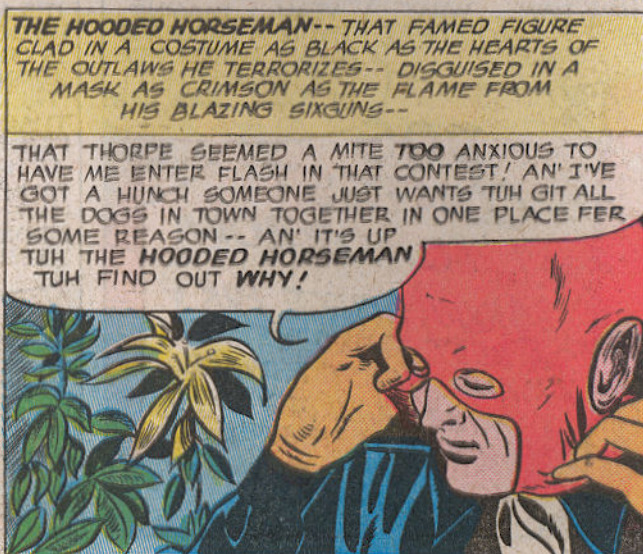


THAT'S A HANDSOME DOG YOU'VE GOT THERE, FRIEND---I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO ENTER HIM IN THAT CONTEST!

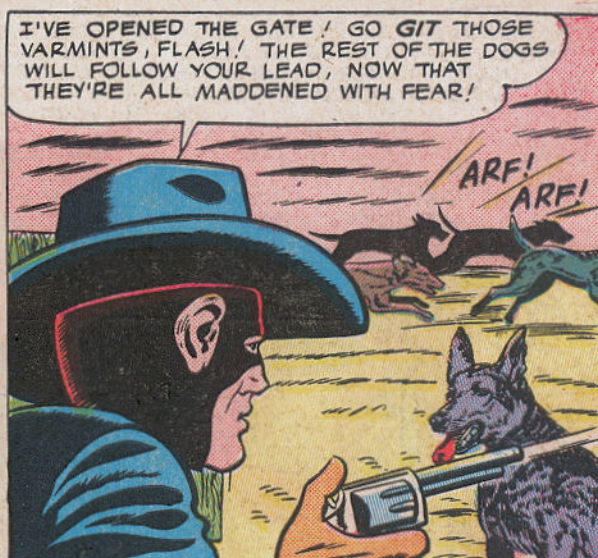
BUD FRASER DON'T TAKE ADVICE FROM **ANYBODY,** MISTER---AND WHO ARE YUH TO CALL YORESELF MUH FRIEND?













THAR THEY GO! I SHORE WOULD'VE LIKED TO FINISH THOSE COYOTES-- INSTEAD O' JEST SHOOTIN' THE GUNS OUTA THEIR HANDS! BUT DOG-KILLIN' AIN'T A CAPITAL OFFENSE, EXCEPT IN MY BOOK! ANYWAY, THAT GANG MUST BE AFTER **BIGGER** GAME THAN KILLIN' DOGS-- AN' WHEN I CATCH 'EM THE NEXT TIME, I'LL SHORE PAY 'EM BACK FER TODAY!



AND WHEN THE TOWNSMEN ARRIVE TO INVESTIGATE THE GUNFIRE-- THEY FIND-- **BUD FRASER!**

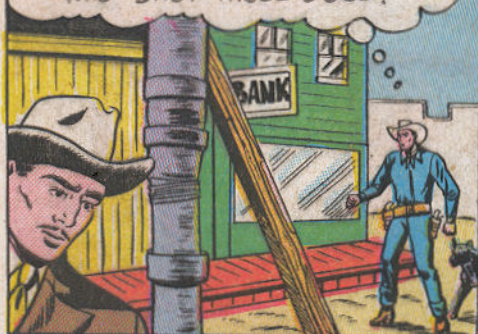
WHO SHOT ALL THOSE DOGS-- AND WHERE'D THE REST O' THEM GO?

I DUNNO-- I CAME UP JEST IN TIME TUH STOP A GANG O' MEN FROM KILLIN' ALL THE DOGS-- AN' THE REST WERE SO TERRIFIED AND MADDENED BY THE SHOOTIN' THAT THEY RAN OFF TUH THE HILLS! I RECKON IT'LL BE A COUPLE O' DAYS AFORE THEY CALM DOWN ENOUGH TUH RETURN-- AN' IN THE MEANWHILE, IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE THE ONLY DOG IN TOWN!



NEXT MORNING--

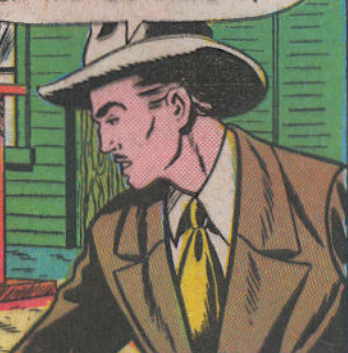
THAR'S THAT ENGINEER, THORPE, AT WORK! BUT THAT'S A MIGHTY FUNNY PLACE FER HIM TUH BE DRILLIN'-- RIGHT NEXT TUH THE **BANK!** HMM-- AN' SOME O' HIS WORKERS LOOK A MITE FAMILIAR-- THOUGH IT WAS SO DARK LAST NIGHT, I COULDN'T SWEAR THEY'RE THE SAME MEN WHO SHOT THOSE DOGS!



HOWDY, THORPE-- YUH LOOK AS IF YUH GOT TANGLED UP IN A BARBED WIRE FENCE!



WELL, I... ER... I TRIED CATCHING A FEW OF THOSE PANICKY, RUN-AWAY DOGS LAST NIGHT-- AND GOT RATHER SCRATCHED UP FOR MY TROUBLE! BUT I'VE GOT NO TIME TO TALK NOW, FRASER-- I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS MINERAL-DRILLING SURVEY FOR THE GOVERNMENT!



HOLD ON-- HOW COME YUH'RE DRILLIN' NEXT TUH A PUBLIC BUILDING LIKE A BANK?

THESE FEDERAL PAPERS AUTHORIZE ME TO DRILL **ANY-PLACE** WHERE THERE MIGHT BE MINERAL DEPOSITS! AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MY WORK-- OR I'LL HAVE THE GOVERNMENT MARSHALL ARREST YOU FOR INTERFERING WITH **GOVERNMENT PROJECTS!**



THAT NIGHT, THE **HOODED HORSEMAN** STALKS AGAIN!

THORPE IS ACTIN' MIGHTY PECULIAR AN' TOUCHY ABOUT HIS WORK-- AN' THOSE PAPERS HE HAS **MIGHT** BE THE ONES THAT WERE STOLEN FROM THAT GOVERNMENT MAN WHO WAS KILLED ON THE STAGE-COACH! MEBBE WE'LL L'ARN SOMETHIN' TUH BEAR OUT MUH SUSPICIONS BY NOSIN' AROUND THE HOUSE THAT THORPE RENTED!

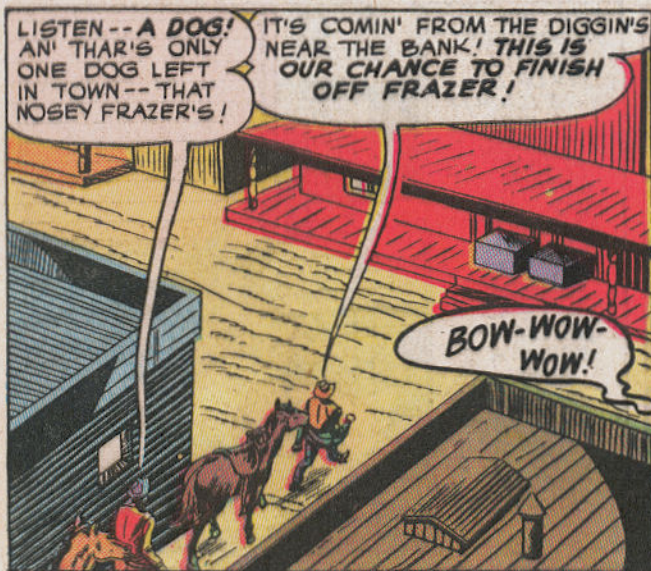
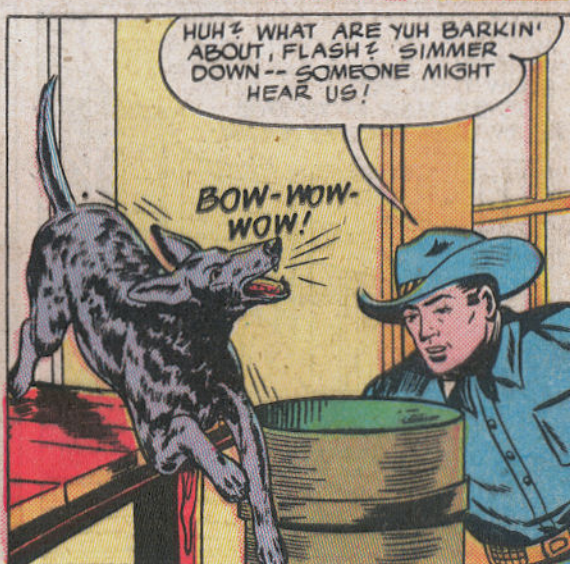


THAT FRAZER IS GETTIN' TOO NOSEY-- WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM AND THAT DOG BEFORE WE STRIKE!

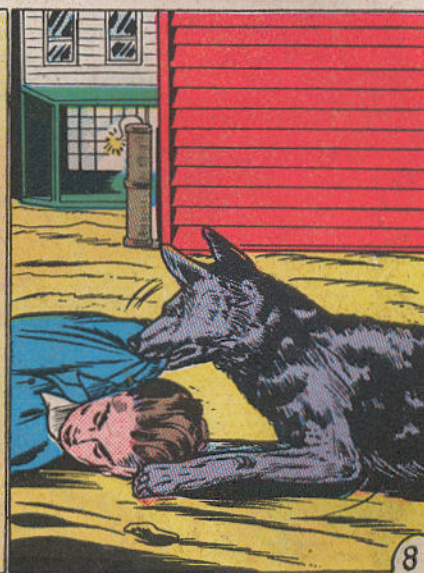
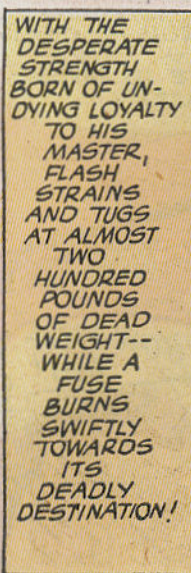
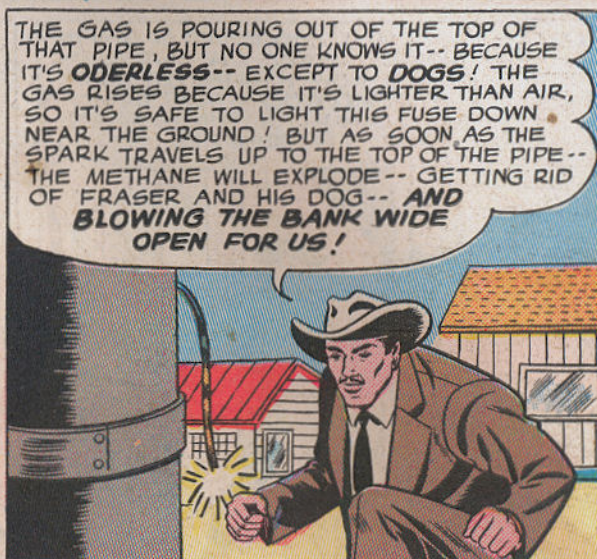
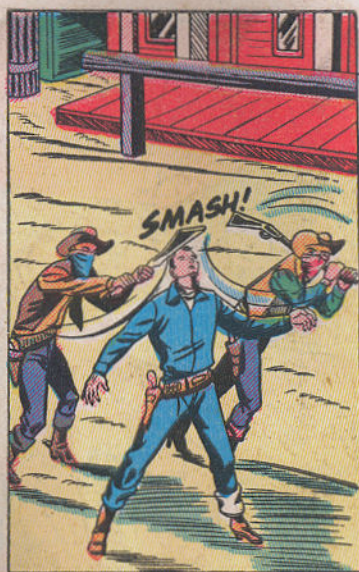
HMM... MEBBE MY TRADEMARK WILL SCARE 'EM FROM STRIKIN' BEFORE I FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TUH!



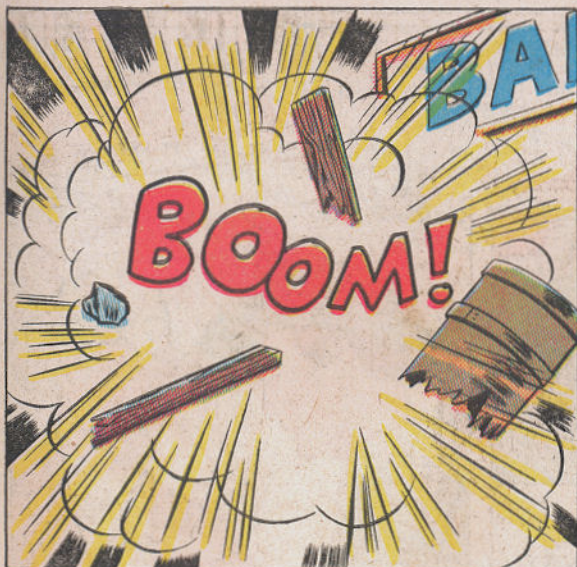












AS THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLOSION  
REVIVES BUD--

WHEW-- THANKS FER DRAGGIN' ME AWAY  
FROM THAT DRILL PIPE, FLASH-- OR THAR  
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ENOUGH LEFT O' ME  
FER THE BUZZARDS! BUT THAR GOES  
THE GANG SWARMIN' DOWN ON THE  
WRECKED BANK-- AN' IT'S TIME FER  
THE **HOODED HORSEMAN** TUH  
TAKE A HAND!



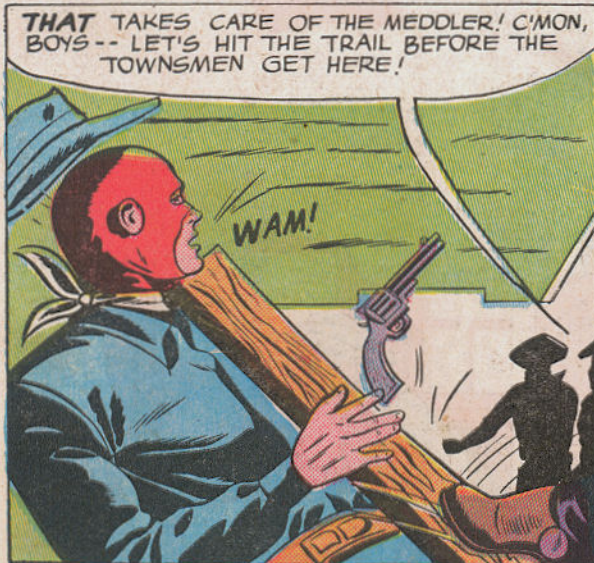
HURRY-- GET  
THE LOOT  
OUT TO THE  
HORSES!

YUH POLECATS AIN'T GOIN'  
NOWHAR WITH THAT  
MONEY-- DROP IT  
AN' REACH!



IT'S THE  
**HOODED  
HORSEMAN!**  
I'LL GIT--  
ARGHH!

YUH'RE **GITTIN'** IT, ALL  
RIGHT-- AN' THE REST  
O' YUH WILL GIT THE  
SAME UNLESS YUH  
SURRENDER!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THE MEDDLER! C'MON,  
BOYS-- LET'S HIT THE TRAIL BEFORE THE  
TOWNSMEN GET HERE!

WAM!



YUP, THEY GOT AWAY AGAIN, FLASH-- BUT IT  
WON'T BE FER LONG! EVEN THOUGH I  
DONT HAVE ANY **PROOF** TUH PUT THORPE  
BEHIND BARS, I'M GONNA ACCUSE HIM  
IN THE MORNIN'-- AN' JEST HOPE HE  
LOSES HIS HEAD AN' TRIES SHOOTIN'  
HIS WAY OUT! THAT'LL BE AS GOOD  
AS A CONFESSION-- AN' I'LL BE  
**READY FER HIM!**



NEXT MORNING--

TOO BAD ABOUT THAT EXPLOSION-- IT RUINED MY WHOLE SURVEY! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SINK ANOTHER DRILL-PIPE SOMEWHERE IN TOWN!

NO, YUH WON'T, THORPE! YUH'RE NOT A GOVERNMENT MAN-- AN' I ACCUSE YUH OF KILLIN' THE REAL MININ' ENGINEER AN' STEALIN' HIS CREDENTIALS!

YUH KNEW THIS SECTION WAS HONEYCOMBED WITH GAS POCKETS AN' FIXED THAT CONTEST TUH GET RID OF ALL THE DOGS IN TOWN-- BECAUSE THEY COULD SMELL THE GAS AN' HUMANS COULDN'T! YOU DIDN'T WANT 'EM BARKIN' AT YER DRILL-PIPE AN' GIVIN' AWAY THE FACT THAT GAS WAS ESCAPIN'!

YOU'RE CRAZY, FRASER!

CAN I HELP IT IF THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION AND SOME OUTLAW GANG TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT TO ROB THE BANK? CHECK ME WITH WASHINGTON IF YOU WANT-- EVEN IF IT WILL TAKE YOU WEEKS TO GET AN ANSWER! BUT, MEANTIME, IF YOU DARE TRY TO INTERFERE WITH MY DRILLING AND SURVEY WORK HERE-- I CAN HAVE THE FEDERAL MARSHALL ARREST YOU FOR INTERFERING WITH GOVERNMENT WORK!

HE'S RIGHT, FRASER! AS FEDERAL MARSHALL, IT'S MUH DUTY TUH PROTECT ALL GOVERNMENT AGENTS-- UNLESS YUH GOT PROOF O' YORE ACCUSATIONS!

MEBBE YUH AN' ME WILL GIT SOME PROOF, EH, FLASH?

LATER-- FRASER PROBABLY THINKS HE'LL USE HIS DOG TO DETECT ANY MORE ESCAPING GAS, AND THEN KEEP WATCH TO PREVENT US FROM BLOWING IT UP! BUT WE'LL FOOL HIM-- WE'LL DRILL NEAR A DOZEN SPOTS LIKE THE POST OFFICE, THE WELLS FARGO BRANCH, THE GENERAL STORE-- SO THAT HE WON'T KNOW WHICH ONE TO WATCH!

AN' THEN BLOW UP THE PLACE HE AIN'T WATCHIN', EH?

AND SO--

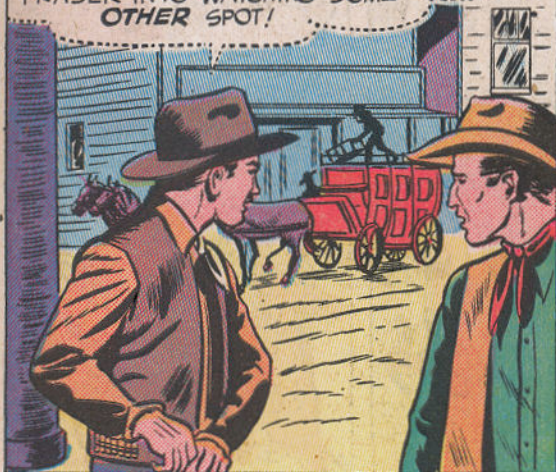
...AN' SINCE THORPE IS SINKIN' HIS DRILL-PIPES IN A DOZEN DIFFERENT SPOTS, YUH'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME GET EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! YUH'VE GOT TUH BRING A BIG SHIPMENT OF GOLD INTUH GUSHIN' GAP TODAY!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH ABOUT THE HOODED HORSEMAN TO KNOW YOU CAN BE TRUSTED! A GOLD SHIPMENT FOR CHEYENNE PASSES THROUGH TODAY-- I'LL ORDER IT KEPT HERE OVERNIGHT!

WELLS FARGO GUSHING GAP BRANCH

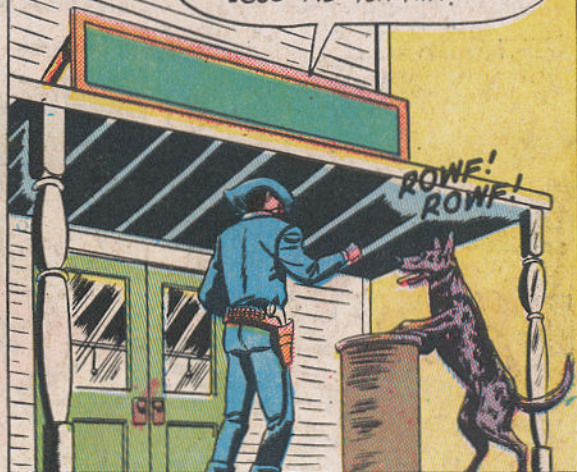


SO THEY BRINGING GOLD INTO THE WELLS FARGO OFFICE! THIS IS THE PLACE WE'LL BLOW UP TONIGHT -- IF WE CAN TRICK FRASER INTO WATCHING SOME OTHER SPOT!



THAT NIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, FLASH -- STAY RIGHT HERE NEAR THE POST OFFICE DRILL PIPE -- AN' BARK AS LOUD AS YUH KIN!

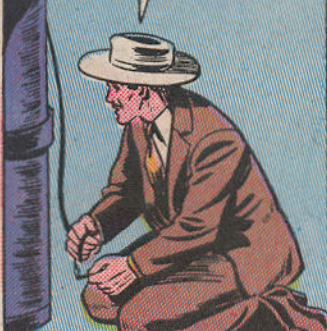


WE WON'T HAVE TO TRICK FRASER AWAY FROM WELLS FARGO -- LISSEN TUH THAT DOG BARKIN' NEAR THE POST OFFICE!

HE'S WATCHIN' THE WRONG PLACE -- WHICH GIVES US OUR CHANCE TO BLOW UP THE WELLS FARGO VAULTS!

THE METHANE POCKET WE HIT IS SENDING THE GAS RIGHT UP THROUGHT THE PIPE INTO THE AIR -- WHICH MEANS IT'S SAFE TO LIGHT THE FUSE DOWN HERE --

BUT THEN -- UNEXPECTEDLY --



WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HIT US?

THAT WAS NOTHIN' -- COMPARED TO WHAT'S GOIN' TUH HIT YUH!

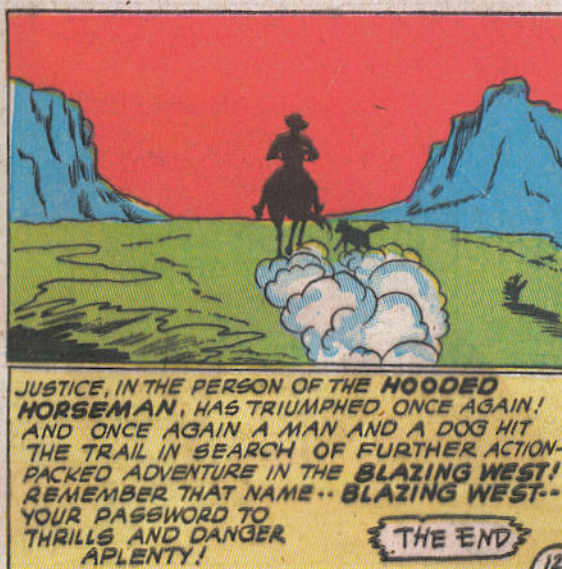
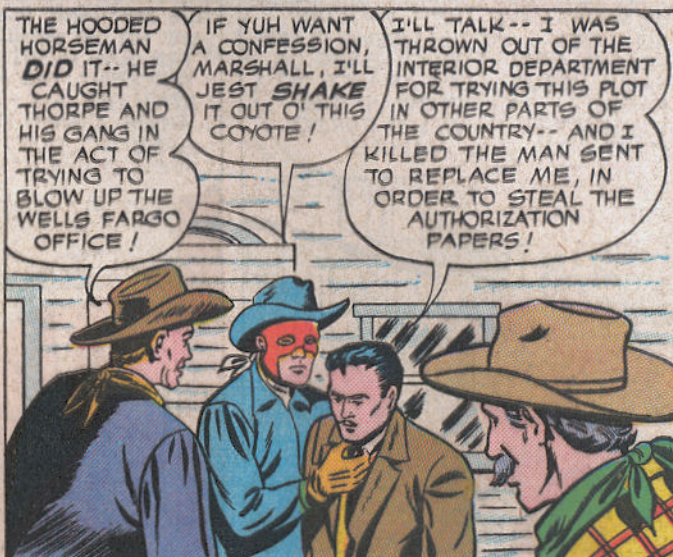
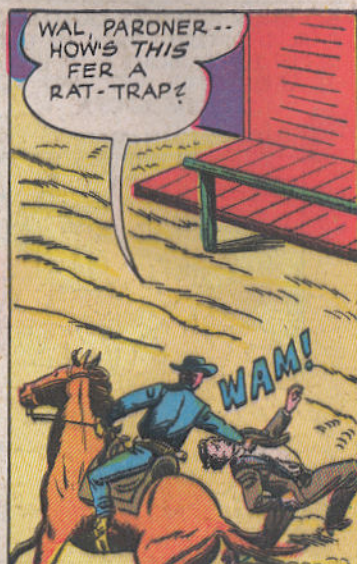


IT... IT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN AGAIN -- SHOOT HIM DOWN!

HE'S ASKIN YUH TUH COMMIT SUICIDE, BOYS!









ALL NEW!

# 8 WALT DISNEY COMIC BOOKS!

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AND ONE WHEATIES BOXTOP

USE THE QUICK  
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THEY'RE  
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ALL NEW STORIES  
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AND **24** MORE NEW BOOKS  
READY NOW > SEE YOUR  
WHEATIES BOX FOR DETAILS!



# RIFLE RUSE

CROUCHED BEHIND THE boulder, Rod Wiley grinned evilly at the bullets whining around him, ricocheting off the big rock that was his protection against the three-man posse a hundred feet down the valley. Every now and then, Rod stuck his repeating rifle over the top of the boulder and fired quickly, just to make them keep their heads down behind *their* rock.

It was a stalemate, Rod knew. If they tried charging him across the hundred feet of open ground, he'd pick them off before they'd gone half the distance. On the other hand, it would be suicide for him to charge them---and he didn't dare make a running retreat, because there wasn't any satisfactory cover for the length of the valley behind him.

Yes, it was a stalemate---but everything would change as soon as it got dark. For Rod knew that he could safely leave his boulder and slip away into the hills which he'd used as a hideout from the law for the past three months---hills which were as familiar to him as the cool feel of his rifle stock against his cheek. Once up there, the posse wouldn't have a chance of finding him and---

Rod was suddenly aware that something was wrong, something spelled danger. Then he realized what it was. Only *one* rifle was firing at him now. All morning long, the posse's three rifles had been blasting away. Rod knew there were three, because each gun had a distinctive report. There was the deep-throated roar of the single-action Springfield army rifle, the whine of the high-powered Winchester repeater, and the staccato bark of the Remington repeater. But now, only the Springfield was being fired in his direction.

A sudden wave of icy fear washed over Rod as he realized what that meant. Two of the men had probably backed out from behind their boulder, and were undoubtedly

now beginning to climb the steep valley walls. Once atop the cliffs overlooking the valley, they could pump bullets at will down on him---and the boulder offered no protection from an aerial attack.

Rod quickly looked up at the sun, and his heart sank. It was at least three hours before sunset---and it took only an hour to climb from the valley to the cliff-top.

*Bam!* There went the Springfield again. As the last echoes of the blast reverberated up the valley, Rod suddenly realized that he *wasn't* trapped yet. "The darn fools," he muttered, "they left behind the hombre with the single, bolt-action Springfield! It takes 'im at least twenty seconds tuh shove another cartridge home in the chamber. By that time, I kin be up an' runnin' towards 'im, with muh repeater spittin' hot lead! Haw! He'll be a sittin' duck! I'll blast 'im down afore he kin even git his rifle up for another shot!"

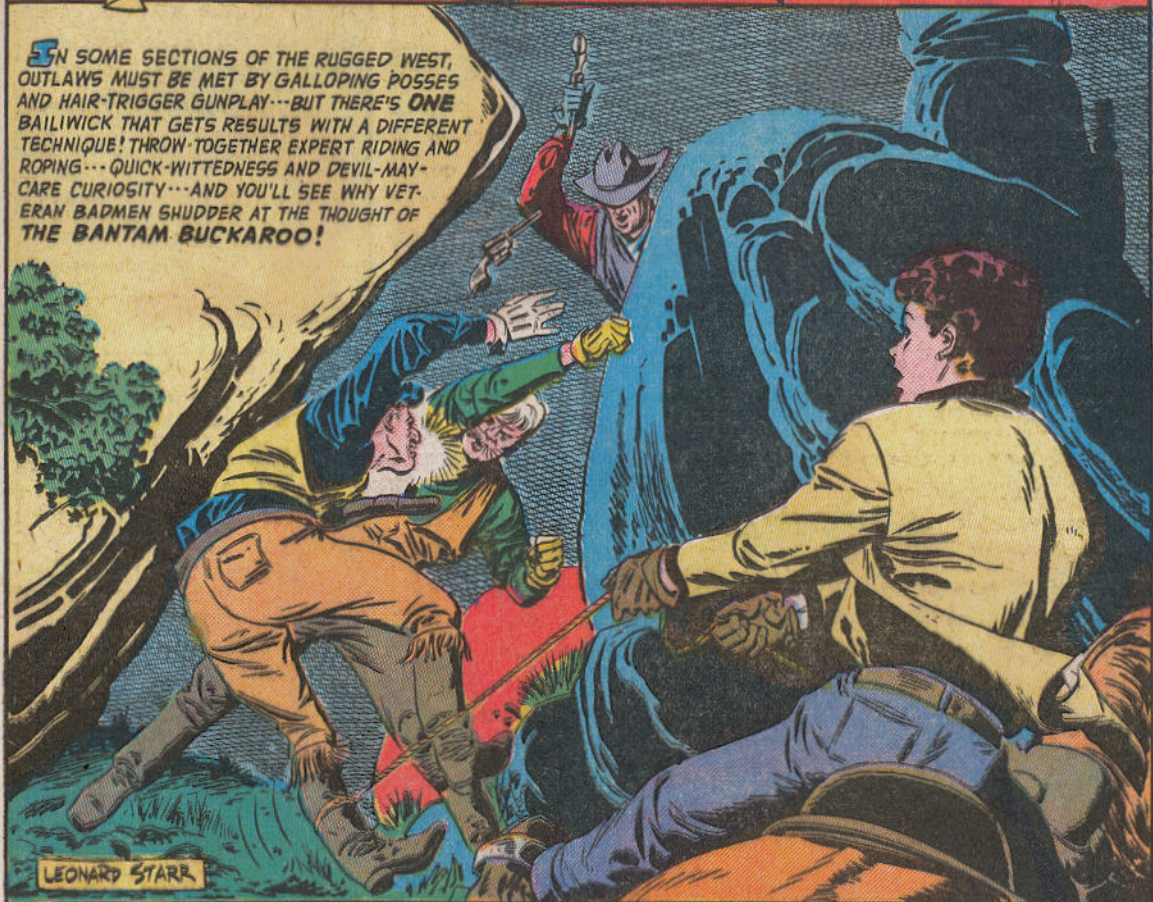
With his killer's face creased in an evil smile, Rod crouched behind his boulder and waited for the next shot from the Springfield. This would make the thirty-first man he'd killed. Rod's trigger-finger was already itching in anticipation. And there would be many more killings after this one, he knew, because it would be a simple matter to flee to the hills while the other two posse members were still toiling up the rear slopes of the valley walls.

*Bam!* Instantly, Rod Wiley was on his feet, charging out from behind his rock towards the other boulder a hundred feet away. But it was too late to get down again by the time he saw that there were *three* rifles sticking up from the other rock, ready and waiting for him. And as the first shots from the Remington and Winchester repeaters tore into his body, Rod knew that he'd been tricked---that the two guns had remained silent to lure him into this mad death-charge.



# The BANTAM BUCKAROO

**I**N SOME SECTIONS OF THE RUGGED WEST, OUTLAWS MUST BE MET BY GALLOPING POSSES AND HAIR-TRIGGER GUNPLAY...BUT THERE'S **ONE** BAILIWICK THAT GETS RESULTS WITH A DIFFERENT TECHNIQUE! THROW TOGETHER EXPERT RIDING AND ROPING... QUICK-WITTEDNESS AND DEVIL-MAY-CARE CURIOSITY...AND YOU'LL SEE WHY VETERAN BADMEN SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT OF THE BANTAM BUCKAROO!



LEONARD STARR

ONE MORNING...AT THE HARVEY RANCH...

CRIMPERS, MIKE...I WAS JEST LOOKIN' FER SOME-THIN' TUH DO! **WHAR WE GOIN'?**

I DUNNO ABOUT YUH, LOBO...BUT I'M RIDIN' OUT TUH ROUND UP STRAYS! I'D ASK YUH TUH COME ALONG... EXCEPT I ALWAYS GEEM TUH WIND UP LOOKIN' FER YUH!

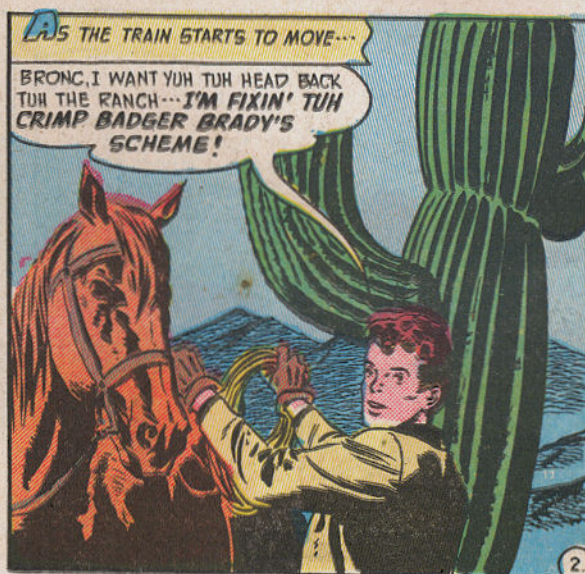
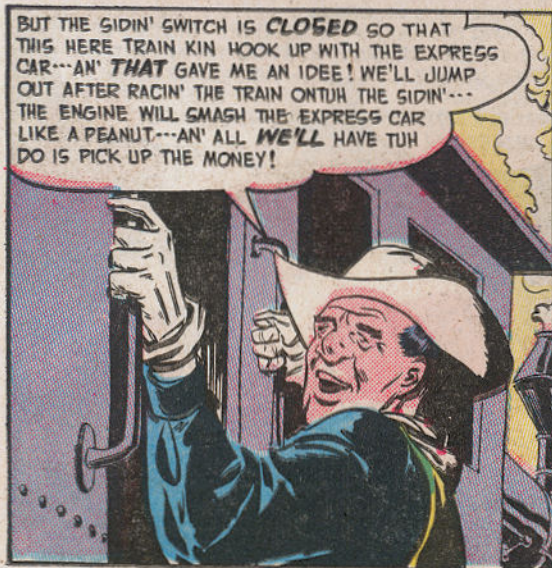
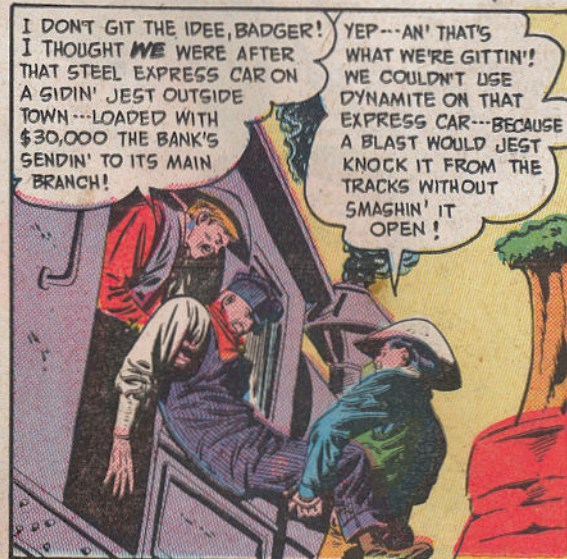


AW...COME ON, MIKE! YUH'VE GOT MUH PROMISE...THIS'LL BE A REAL ROUNDUP...AN' I WON'T LET **NOTHIN'** INTERFERE!

ALL RIGHT...SADDLE UP! MEBBE I'M AN OL' FOOL...BUT I'M JEST ITCHIN' TUH SEE WHAT HAPPENS **THIS** TIME!





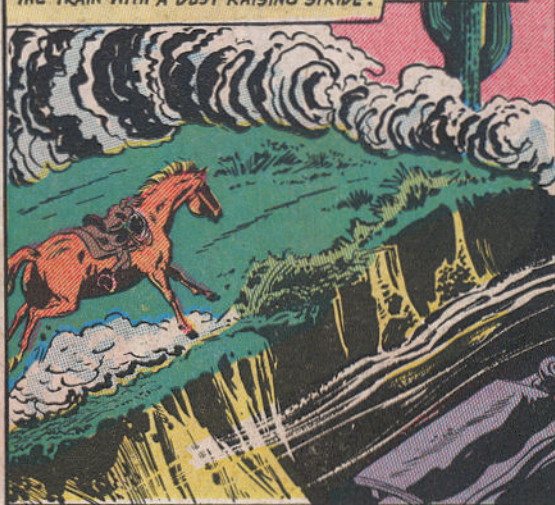




**A** SECOND LATER...



**W**HEELING UNCERTAINLY...THE BRONC SETS OUT AFTER THE TRAIN WITH A DUST-RAISING STRIDE!



**T**WENTY MINUTES LATER...

BY GINGER...THAT'S LOBO'S BRONC! I DON'T SAVVY WHAR HE IS, OR WHY THAT FOOL HOSSE IS KNOCKIN' HIMSELF OUT CHASIN' THE TRAIN...BUT I RECKON I'D BETTER GWING AROUND TOWN AN' TRY TUH HEAD HIM OFF!



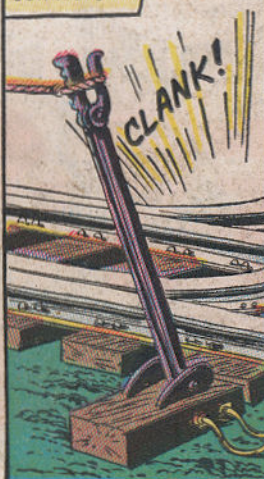
**S**OON AFTERWARD...

WE'RE COMIN' TUH THE SWITCH, BADGER! THAR'S THE EXPRESS CAR...JEST A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD!



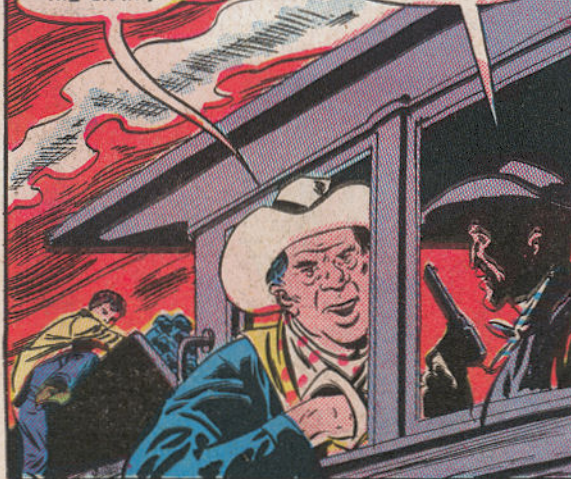
I'LL TIE THE THROTTLE DOWN AT FULL SPEED! GIT READY TUH JUMP!

**T**HEN...AS THE BANTAM BUCKAROO'S ROPE CONNECTS...

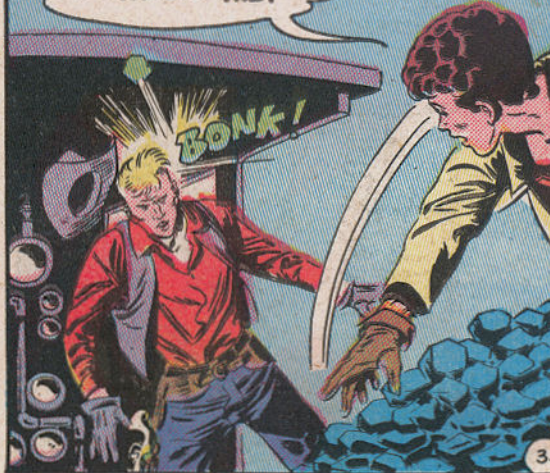


SOMETHIN' WENT HAYWIRE...WE MISSED THE SIDIN'!

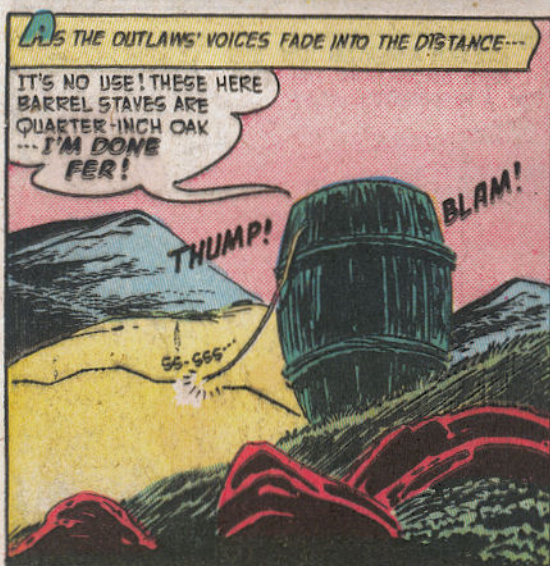
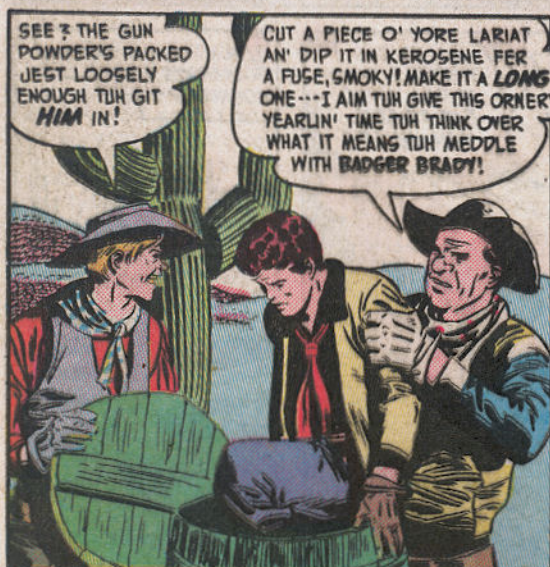
YEP...AN' I THINK I SAVVY WHY!



I'VE GOT A SNEAKIN' IDEE THIS HERE TRAIN'S GOIN' TUH LOSE A PASSENGER...ME!











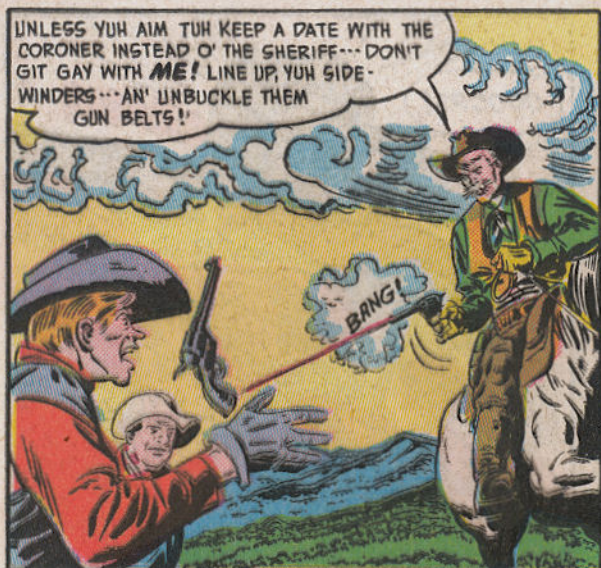
YESSIR, BADGER---THAR'LL  
BE PLENTY O' OUTLAWS  
CHEERIN' WHEN THEY  
LEARN WE'VE GOT THAT  
PESKY LITTLE LOBO  
SALTED DOWN FER  
**GOOD!**

**LOBO!** HOPPIN' HORNED  
TOADS---I DON'T SAVVY  
WHAT'S HAPPENED---BUT  
I SHORE AS SHOOTIN'  
BETTER FIND OUT!



HOLD ON THAR, GENTS!  
DID I HEAR YUH MENTION  
A YOUNG FELLER NAMED  
**LOBO?**

IF YUH **DID**, OL' TIMER---  
YUH HEARD A MITE  
**TOO MUCH!**



UNLESS YUH AIM TUH KEEP A DATE WITH THE  
CORONER INSTEAD O' THE SHERIFF---DON'T  
GIT GAY WITH **ME!** LINE UP, YUH SIDE-  
WINDERS---AN' UNBUCKLE THEM  
GUN BELTS!

**BANG!**



THAR'S NO NEED TUH GIT YORESELF  
RILED, HOMBRE! WE'RE DROPPIN'  
OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS PRONTO---



---AN' GO  
ARE  
YUH!

**CRACK!**



**POW!**



WAL, BADGER...  
S'POSE WE  
FINISH HIM  
OFF?

NOT YET! A VETERAN STOCK-  
MAN LIKE MIKE HARNEY  
KIN GIVE US A FEW LEADS  
ON WHICH HERDS ARE  
WORTH RUSTLIN' IN THESE  
PARTS! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO  
THE HIDEOUT---AN' PLUG  
HIM AFTER WE GIT THE  
LOWDOWN!





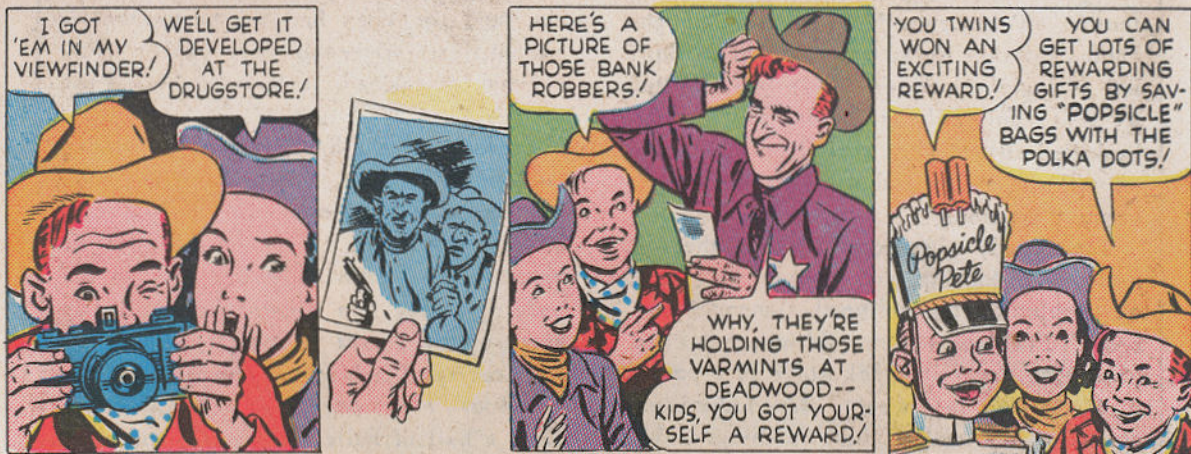
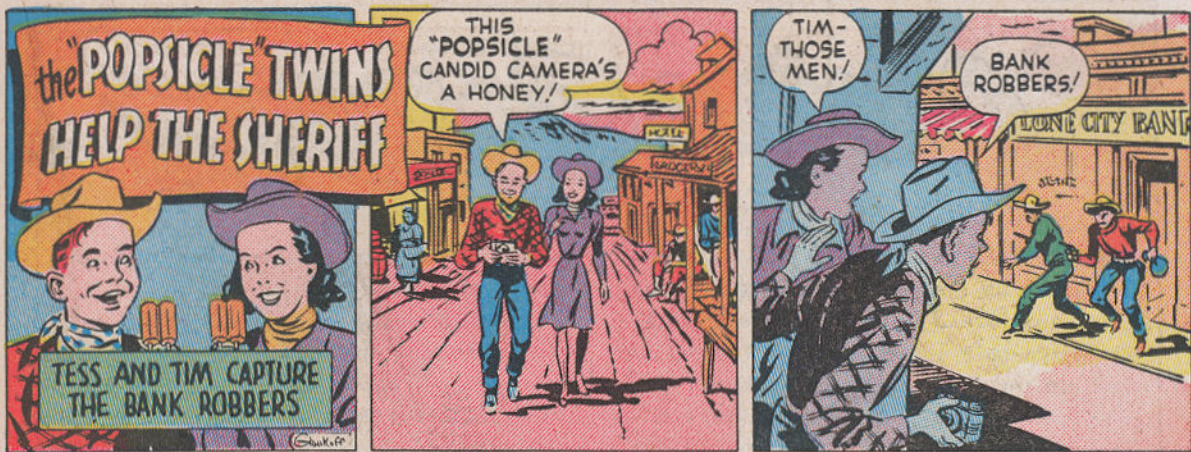












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# The Living CORPSE

FEDERAL MARSHAL TOM Hampton stood on the porch of the Spider Gap Hotel and looked down at the assemblage of townspeople gathered below. "I called this meetin'," Tom began, "tuh tell yuh people o' Spider Gap that the Fed'ral Guv'ment is finally after Luke Gannon! I know that he an' his gang 've been ridin' roughshod over this town, murderin' an' robbin' an' pillagin' fer three whole years. But we Feds could only sit by an' watch while he killed sheriff after sheriff---until finally no man was willin' tuh take on the job o' stoppin' Gannon!"

Tom grimly clapped a hand to the .44 strapped to his hip, and continued: "Yup, we couldn't step in until Gannon broke some fed'ral law---an' he did just that when he robbed the Salt Creek stage of a pouch o' U. S. mail last week! Now Luke Gannon's at the end o' his trail---becuz he cain't lick the U. S. Guv'ment!"

"If he kills me, thar'll be other Fed'ral Marshals takin' muh place. An' if they don't git 'im, the Fed'ral troops will! So if anyone here is a secret member o' Gannon's gang, yuh better go tell 'im tuh give hisself up. If he don't come by mornin', I'll be gunnin' fer 'im!"

Two hours later, Tom opened his hotel door in response to a knock, and stared at the excited man standing in the doorway. "I'm Doc Furnas," the man said, "and I've got news for you, Marshal. An hour ago, one of Gannon's men took me at the point of a gun to the gang's hideout, where I found Gannon dead of poisoning! He must have committed suicide when he found out that you Feds were after him and that he didn't have a chance to escape. When I told his gang that I couldn't do anything for a dead man, they made me accompany the corpse to Swanson's Funeral Emporium in town. Then the rest of the gang fled!"

"That so?" Tom murmured, stroking his

chin. "Wal, let's amble down to Swanson's fer a look-see!"

At the funeral parlor, Tom bent low over the crude pine coffin in which Gannon had been placed, and examined the body carefully. There was no doubt it *was* Gannon. His body had already stiffened in rigor mortis, and the eyes had the unmistakable, vacant death-stare---so there was no doubt Gannon was dead. Or *was* there some doubt---

Looking at the huge star sapphire ring on Gannon's finger, Tom grinned and drew his sixgun. "As long as Gannon's dead," he said to Furnas, "I reckon thar ain't no harm in me puttin' a bullet through his body. Y'see, I've allus left a bullet in every outlaw I ever went after, an' I don't want tuh spoil muh record now---"

"Shoot him, boys!" Furnas shouted. Then a hail of bullets came from the windows of the funeral parlor. In one swift lunge, Tom ducked behind the coffin, his guns spitting fire at the outlaws leaning in through the open windows. When Tom began using Gannon's body as a shield, the gunmen stopped shooting instantly---and he easily picked them off, one by one, before they could duck away.

And later, when Gannon revived, Tom said to the manacled Furnas, "So yuh gave Gannon some pills tuh put 'im in a state o' catalepsy, eh? Wal, he shore *looked* dead! If yore trick had worked, I reckon you'd have buried a coffin full o' bricks, an' Gannon would've gotten away tuh start all over again under some other name in another town...while we'd have declared his case closed! But yuh made one mistake. It shore seemed suspicious tuh me that Gannon's mendidn't take a ring worth thousands from a dead man! If they didn't, it could mean only that he *wasn't* dead...an' muh little trick o' pretendin' tuh shoot 'im proved *that*!"



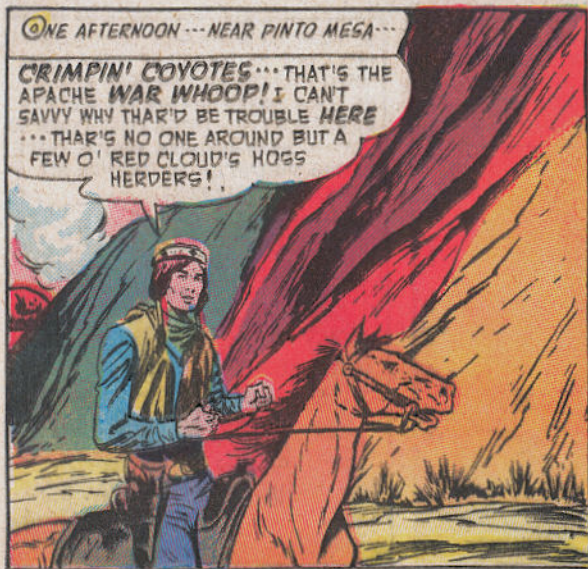
# INJUN JONES



**N**O WARFARE WAS MORE BITTER THAN THE VIOLENT RUNNING BATTLES THAT FLARED BETWEEN THE GREATEST HORSEMEN IN HISTORY...THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY ON ONE SIDE...AND THE UNCONQUERABLE APACHES ON THE OTHER! **INJUN JONES** WAS THE ONE MAN WHO COULD CURB THE BLOODSHED...UNTIL A NEW KIND OF CAVALRY SWEEPED THE RANGE...THREATENING THE APACHES WITH A RELENTLESS CAMPAIGN OF EXTINCTION!

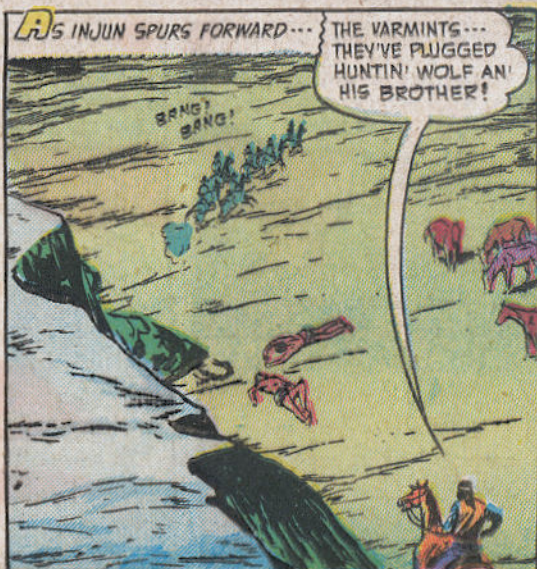
ONE AFTERNOON...NEAR PINTO MESA...

CRIMPIN' COYOTES...THAT'S THE APACHE WAR WHOOO! I CAN'T SAVVY WHY THAR'D BE TROUBLE HERE...THAR'S NO ONE AROUND BUT A FEW O' RED CLOUD'S HOGS HERDERS!

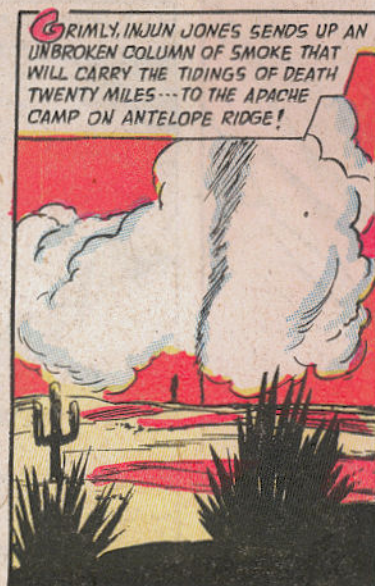


AS INJUN SPURS FORWARD...

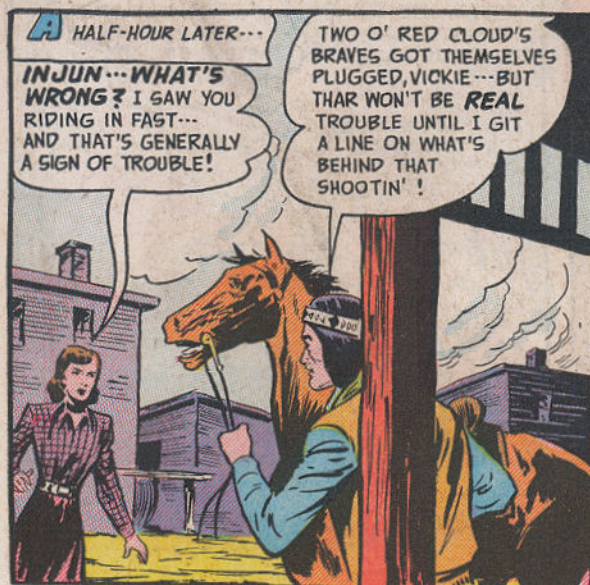
THE VARMINTS... THEY'VE PLUGGED HUNTIN' WOLF AN' HIS BROTHER!









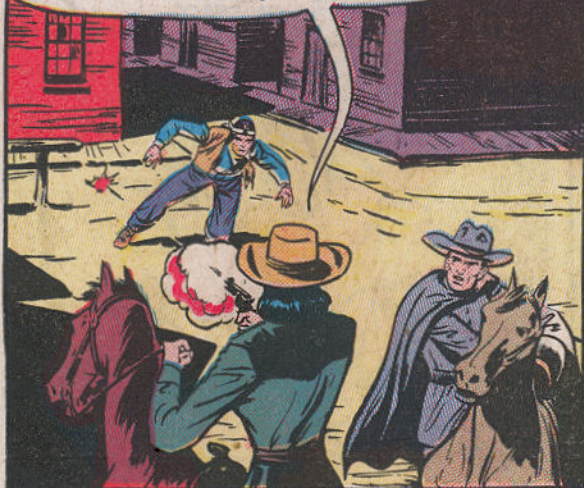








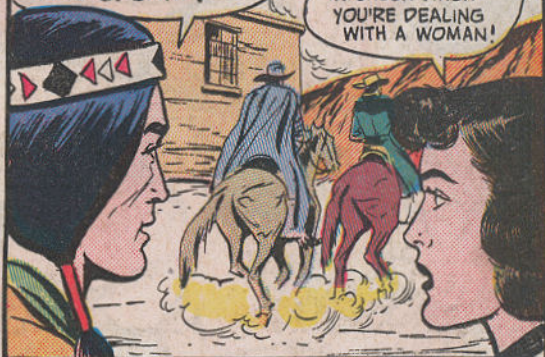
GET MOUNTED, FIREBALL! THIS STRUTTING SAVAGE HAS MADE AN ENEMY OF CONCHITA VILLAR...AND SHOOTING FALLS FAR SHORT OF WHAT I HAVE PLANNED FOR HIM!



**A** MOMENT LATER...

FIREBALL MAY BE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS, VICKIE...BUT NOT TUH CONCHITA! HE CAME TUH TOWN EXPECTIN' TUH MEET UP WITH HER...AN' I DON'T NEED AN APACHE MEDICINE MAN TUH TELL ME COME-THIN'S **BREWIN'!**

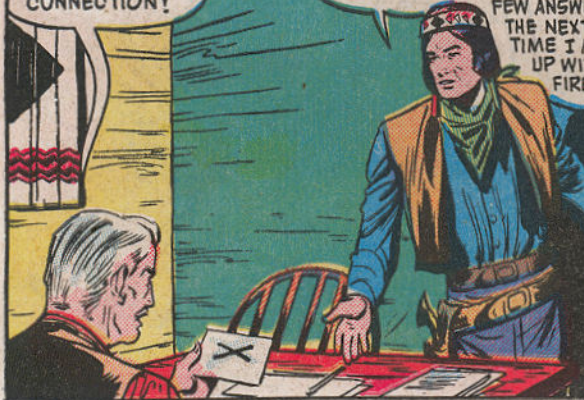
THERE MAY NOT BE ANYTHING BEHIND IT, INJUN! BUT I'M GETTING TIRE OF SEEING CONCHITA PLAGUE YOU... BECAUSE SHE KNOWS YOU'LL KEEP YOUR TEMPER IN CHECK WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH A WOMAN!



**I**NSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

THIS HERE'S NO KIND O' BRAND MARK I KIN RECOGNIZE, INJUN... BUT THAR'S GOT TUH BE **SOME** CONNECTION!

YEP...AN' I'M WONDERIN' IF IT ISN'T **CONCHITA VILLAR AN' FIREBALL BAILEY!** I DON'T HANKER TUH TANGLE WITH THAT HOT-HEADED HEIFER AGAIN, SHERIFF... BUT YUH KIN COUNT ON A FEW ANSWERS THE NEXT TIME I MEET UP WITH FIREBALL!



**S**uddenly...

**REDSKINS!** SPOTTED HAWK, RED CLOUD'S YOUNGEST SON, HAS HIT THE WARPATH WITH A PARTY O' BRAVES...AN' **THEY'RE HOWLIN' FER SCALPS!**



LOOKS BAD, SHERIFF! SPOTTED HAWK'S USIN' THE TWO MURDERS AS AN EXCUSE FER GITTIN' HIMSELF A NAME AS A WARRIOR!

WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FER? IT'S UP TUH US TUH HEAD OFF THEM REDSKINS... BEFORE THEY RAID THE OUTLYN' RANCHES!



JUST A MINUTE, PARDNER! I'M THE DEPUTY RESPONSIBLE FER GITTIN' UP POSSES IN THIS TOWN...AN' AS BLOOD BROTHER O' THE APACHES, I'M RESPONSIBLE FER **THEM!** THAR'S ONLY ONE WAY TUH GIT SPOTTED HAWK TUH SIMMER DOWN WITH-OUT BLOODSHED... **THE LAW'S GOT TO CORRAL THE KILLERS!**

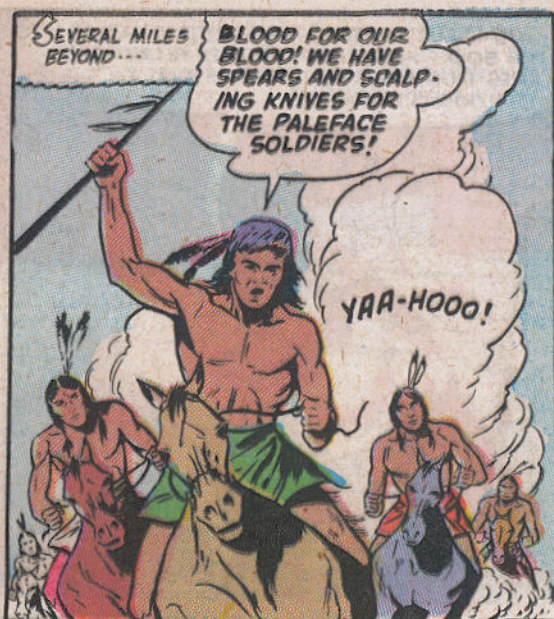


I MAY HAVE TUH STAY IN THE APACHE CAMP FER QUITE A SPELL BEFORE THEY'RE TALKED OUT O' THEIR WAR FEVER, VICKIE...AN' I SHORE HOPE YUH DON'T GIT YORESELF ANOTHER BEAU WHILE I'M GONE!

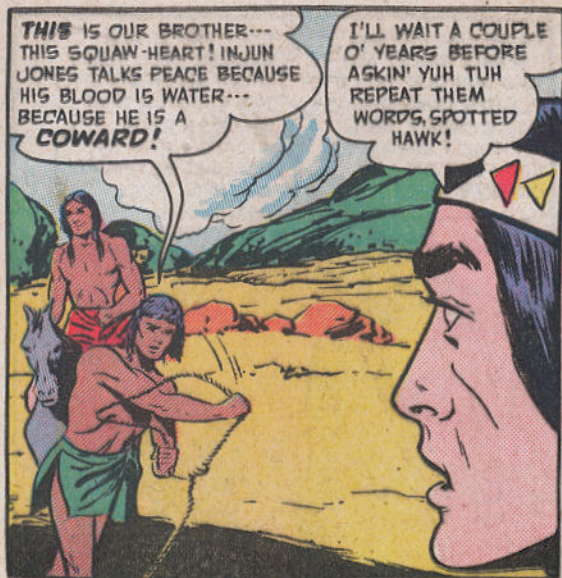
YOU KNOW THERE'S NO DANGER OF **THAT**, INJUN! IN FACT, THERE'S A **LADY** I'VE BEEN PLANNING TO VISIT FOR SOME TIME NOW...AND I MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!





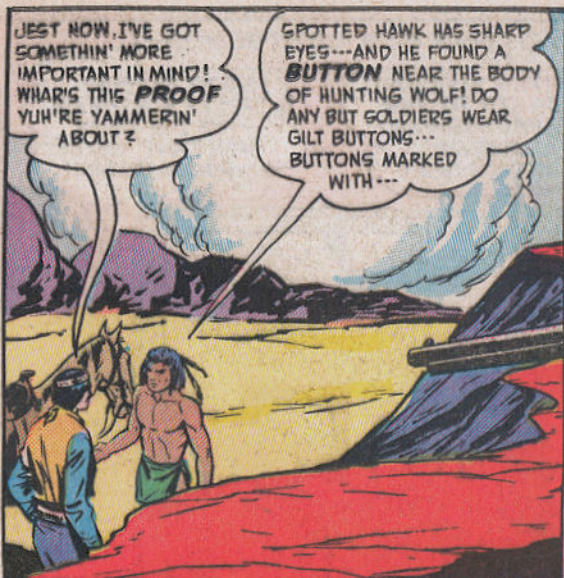






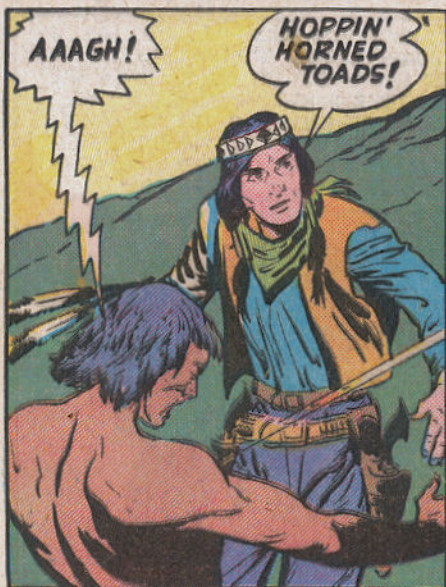
THIS IS OUR BROTHER---  
THIS SQUAW-HEART! INJUN  
JONES TALKS PEACE BECAUSE  
HIS BLOOD IS WATER---  
BECAUSE HE IS A  
**COWARD!**

I'LL WAIT A COUPLE  
O' YEARS BEFORE  
ASKIN' YUH TUH  
REPEAT THEM  
WORDS, SPOTTED  
HAWK!



JEST NOW, I'VE GOT  
SOMETHIN' MORE  
IMPORTANT IN MIND!  
WHAR'S THIS **PROOF**  
YUH'RE YAMMERIN'  
ABOUT?

SPOTTED HAWK HAS SHARP  
EYES---AND HE FOUND A  
**BUTTON** NEAR THE BODY  
OF HUNTING WOLF! DO  
ANY BUT SOLDIERS WEAR  
GILT BUTTONS---  
BUTTONS MARKED  
WITH---



AAAGH!

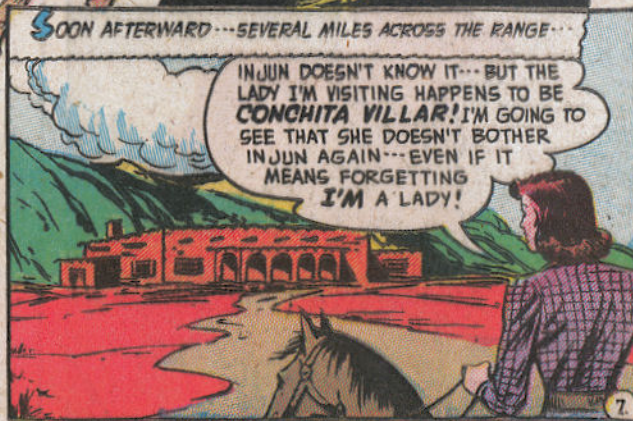
HOPPIN'  
HORNED  
TOADS!



BANG!  
BANG!



**FIREBALL BAILEY!** I HAD AN IDEE HE WAS  
MIXED UP IN THIS, AN' I'VE GOT **ANOTHER**  
IDEE WHAR TUH FIND HIM---SOON'S WE GIT  
SPOTTED HAWK BACK TUH CAMP!



**SOON AFTERWARD**---SEVERAL MILES ACROSS THE RANGE---

INJUN DOESN'T KNOW IT--- BUT THE  
LADY I'M VISITING HAPPENS TO BE  
**CONCHITA VILLAR!** I'M GOING TO  
SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T BOTHER  
INJUN AGAIN---EVEN IF IT  
MEANS FORGETTING  
**I'M A LADY!**







**MEANWHILE...THE MEDICINE MEN CHANT THEIR AGE-OLD RITUAL OVER SPOTTED HAWK!**

**EE-YO...THIS IS THE MAGIC MEDICINE KIT OF SPOTTED HAWK! THIS IS THE MAGIC I PLACE UPON HIS WOUND... AND SPOTTED HAWK SHALL BE WHOLE AGAIN!**

**I'M THE LAST ONE TUH MAKE LIGHT O' TRIBAL CUSTOMS, RED CLOUD... BUT SPOTTED HAWK WILL NEED MORE'N HOKUM TUH SAVE HIS LIFE!**



**Then...INJUN STOPS SHORT...HIS EYES TRAINED ON THE CHARMS THAT HAVE FALLEN FROM THE MEDICINE POUCH!**

**HERE'S THE BUTTON SPOTTED HAWK MENTIONED FINDIN'! YEP, IT WAS LOST BY A SOLDIER... A SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA!**



**SPOTTED HAWK'S PAST THE STAGE WHAR **MAGIC** KIN HELP, AMIGO! IF YUH WANT TUH DO SOMETHIN'...GIT HOT WATER AN' CLEAN BANDAGES!**



**THE CONFEDERATE STATES!** BUT HOW CAN THAT BE, INJUN... WHEN YOUR FEARFUL WAR BETWEEN BROTHERS ENDED TWO YEARS AGO?

**I DUNNO, RED CLOUD! BUT THAT DESIGN HUNTIN' WOLF TRACED IN THE SAND WAS THE CONFEDERATE FLAG... AN' THOSE OUTFITS I THOUGHT WERE COVERED WITH DUST WERE ACTUALLY **GREY UNIFORMS!****



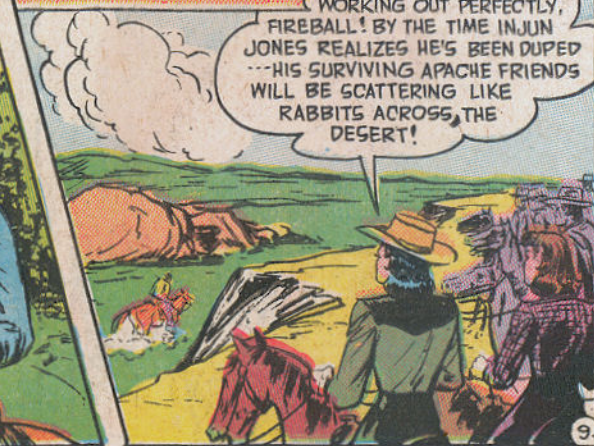
**MOMENT LATER...**

**NOW I UNDERSTAND THOSE WADDIES' RIDIN' SKILL... AN' FIREBALL BAILEY'S FLOWIN' MILITARY CLOAK! IT ALL TIES TOGETHER...THEY'RE A BAND O' CONFEDERATE CAVALRY THAT STRAGGLED WEST AFTER THE WAR! WHAT THEY'RE DOIN' IN THESE PARTS IS ANYBODY'S GUESS... BUT I'M DROPPIN' GUESSWORK FER A PALAVER WITH CONCHITA VILLAR!**

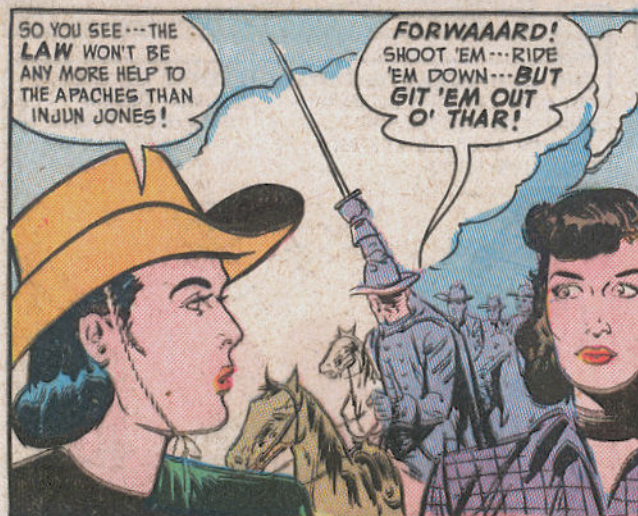
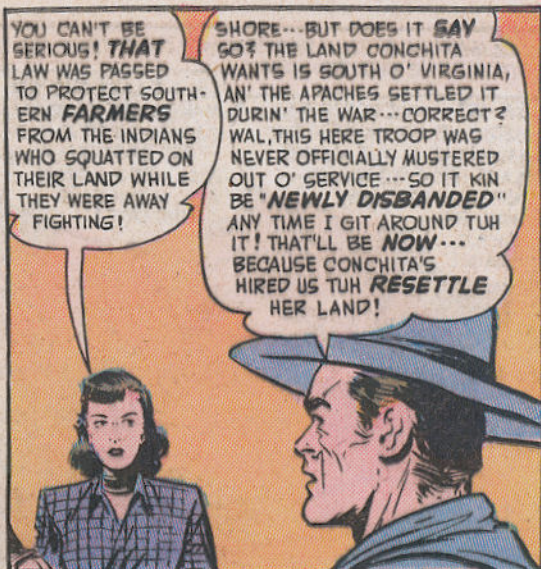
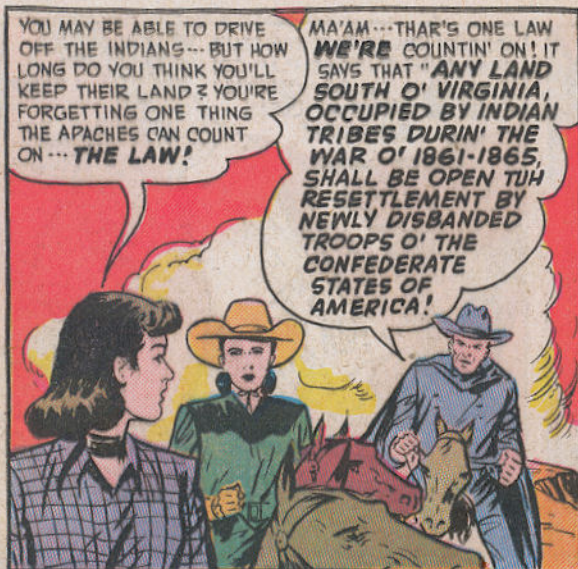


**SEVERAL MILES BEYOND...**

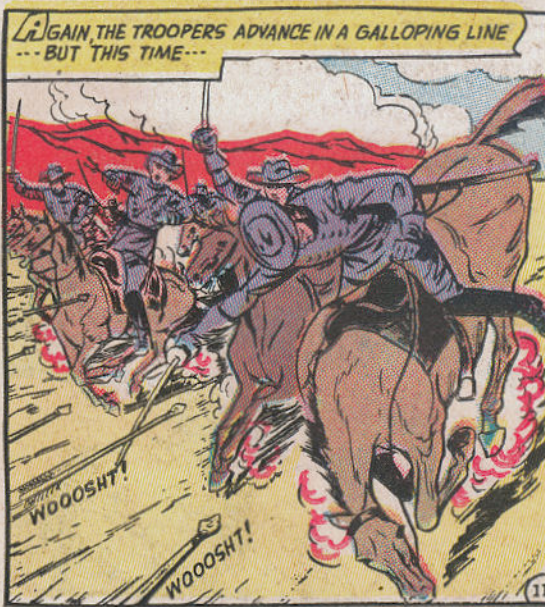
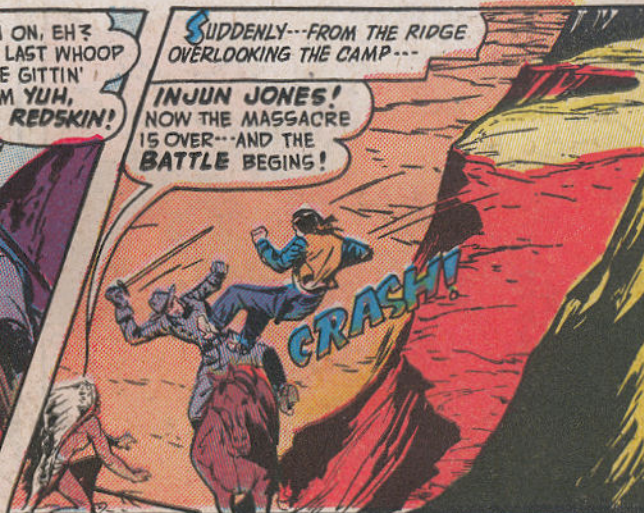
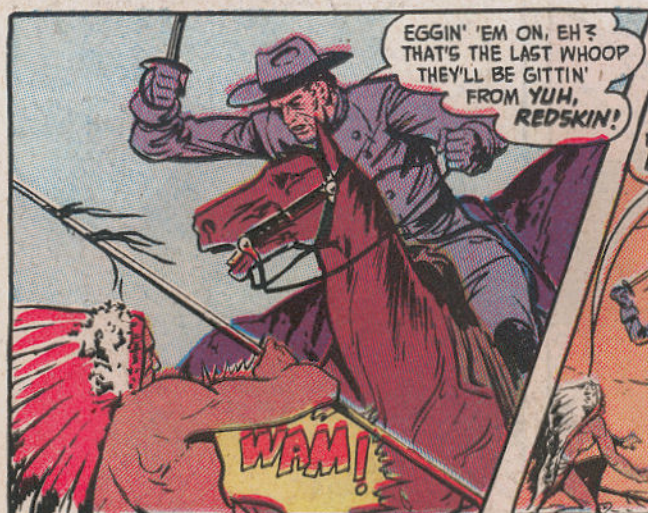
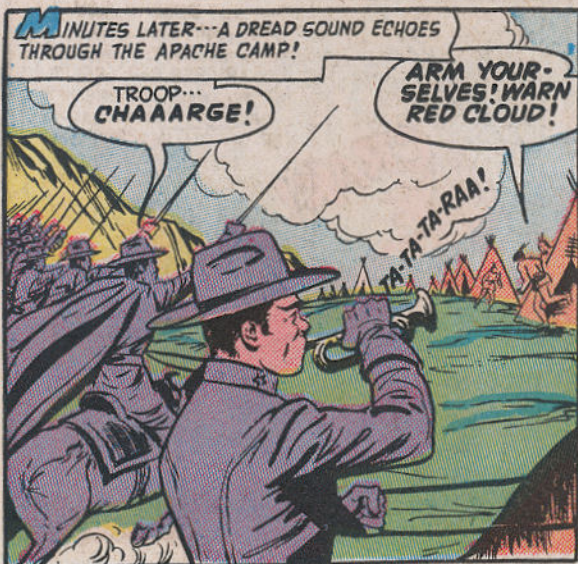
**OUR PLAN SEEMG TO BE WORKING OUT PERFECTLY, FIREBALL! BY THE TIME INJUN JONES REALIZES HE'S BEEN DUPED...HIS SURVIVING APACHE FRIENDS WILL BE SCATTERING LIKE RABBITS ACROSS THE DESERT!**

















# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

"BEATING THE  
BEACH BARRAGE"

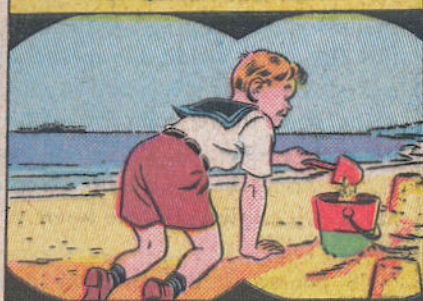


U.S. ROYAL  
AND THE  
BIKE CLUB  
BOYS WATCH  
FROM A SAFE  
DISTANCE AS  
A GROUP OF  
NAVY  
DESTROYERS  
AND  
CRUISERS  
STEAM IN FOR  
FIRING  
PRACTICE...

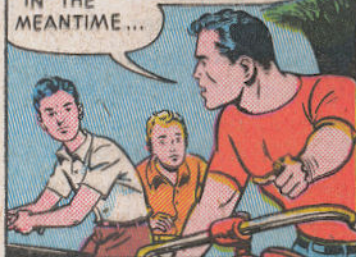


IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,  
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN,  
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY  
DOWN A BARRAGE ON  
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

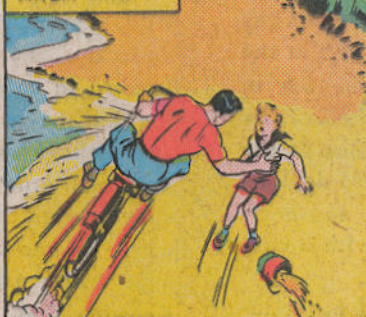
BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,  
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS  
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



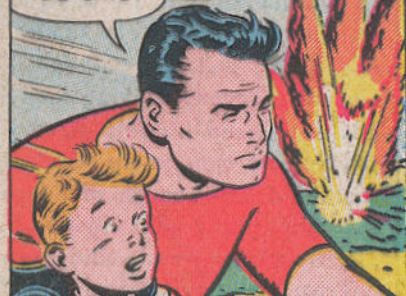
YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE  
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET  
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!  
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID  
IN THE  
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL  
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET  
AREA AND --



PHLEWW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE  
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS  
LIKE THE BOYS WERE  
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE  
GOT TO THE  
RADIO-ROOM,  
WE HEARD THE  
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL  
RIGHT, BOYS... AND  
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY  
WAS AVOIDED --  
THANKS  
TO ROYAL!

ROYAL BIKE TIRES,  
YOU MEAN... THAT'S  
WHERE THE SPEED  
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU  
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES  
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY  
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S  
EXTRA MILEAGE IN  
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...  
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT  
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-  
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH  
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID  
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT  
TIRES ARE ROYALS!

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# Deserter's RETURN

FROM THE INKY shadows of the canyon wall, Brad Thrope looked down at the campfire flickering faintly in the distance against the blackness of the night. He smiled contemptuously as he thought of the troop of sleeping soldiers lying around the fire. He would never see those fools again! For over a hundred nights, Brad had slept near those campfires---but now that he was *ex-Pvt.* Brad Thrope, late of the U. S. Army, he would be sleeping beside his own campfires in the heart of the great West.

Of course, being an Army deserter was nothing for any man to brag about, but Brad had never been troubled by a strict conscience. Fired by the stories of adventure to be found in the Wild West, he'd run away from his apprentice blacksmith's job at the age of 16, and had walked all the way to Council Groves, begging food wherever he could to keep himself alive. But at the jumping-off spot to the West, he'd decided that he'd had enough of hunger and near-starvation---and he'd signed up with a cavalry troop that was heading west.

From the very beginning, he'd never intended to stay with his troop. All the Army meant to him was a horse to ride on and three square meals a day. Brad's wild spirit was in constant rebellion against the slow pace as they wound their way across the endless plains. But always he contented himself with the knowledge that he would desert as soon as they reached the Rockies, where he could easily lose himself and find the fortune and adventure he yearned for.

And now, as Brad looked down at the campfire he'd just stolen away from, he grinned at the memory of Captain Belmont's long speeches about loyalty to the Army. *Ha!* Brad's only loyalty was to himself, to---

He froze suddenly in the darkness as he heard hoofbeats behind him. A moment later, in the faint glow of the full moon, Brad saw the vanguard of a large force of silent, menacing, painted Indians riding stealthily out of the canyon towards the

camp of sleeping troopers. With a start, he realized that they were advancing for a surprise night attack against the camp---and the sixty-odd soldiers would almost certainly be slaughtered by these 300 Indians.

Suddenly, he knew what he would have to do. Waiting in the shadows until the last Indian had passed, Brad leaped from his hiding-place onto the warrior's back, driving his knife home. With a soft, muted gurgle, the Indian sank from his horse. Swiftly, Brad bent to pick up the redskin's war bonnet.

Then, with the bonnet on his own head, he mounted the Indian's horse and joined the tail end of the war party. When the wild, screeching war-whoops suddenly split the night air, he spurred his horse forward in unison with the Indians. Praying that they would all be too intent on the approaching scalping to notice his white skin and Army uniform, Brad raced at top speed toward the front of the Indian column, where he saw the enormous war-bonnet and huge white steed of the Indian chieftain. Knowing that Indians were almost always demoralized at the death of their leader in battle, he rode in closer and closer to the white horse, shouldering other warriors away.

And when some of the Indians turned in anger to see who was trying to beat them to the kill, a loud cry of discovery rang out. He shot down the two nearest Indians with his Army revolver. Then, as the chief reined sharply in alarm at the shots, Brad calmly shot him through the head.

Instantly, pandemonium broke loose. Uttering wild cries of confusion, the Indians milled around their fallen leader. By the time they recovered themselves to look for his killer, Brad was racing at breakneck speed towards the troopers, who were covering his escape by firing back at the redskins. When the Indians broke and fled, Brad saw the troopers all grinning at him---and the loyal young soldier knew he'd returned---for good.



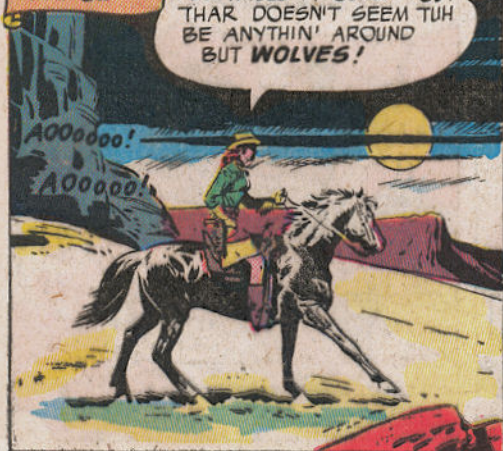
# BUFFALO BELLE



OUTLAWRY RULED THE RANGE IN THE DAYS OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP-- WHEN HARD-PRESSED LAWMEN FACED ALL COMERS WITH NOTHING TO BACK THEM BUT A BRACE OF FAST-TALKING .44'S! **SHERIFF LUKE HANLEY** WAS LUCKIER THAN MOST-- BECAUSE JUSTICE IN HIS BAILIWICK WAS DEALT OUT BY A FIREBALL DEPUTY WHO HAD A WAY WITH MEN AND A WAY WITH GUNS-- **BUFFALO BELLE TRENT!**

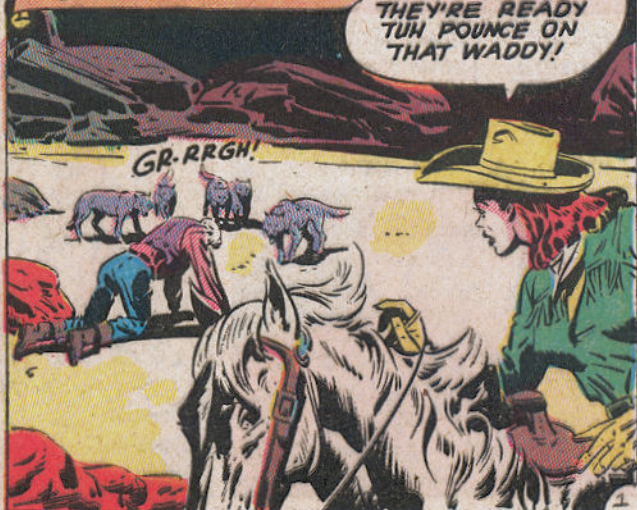
ONE NIGHT-- AS BELLE RIDES THE RANGE--

I WAS HOPIN' I'D RUN INTUH THE RUSTLERS WHO'VE BEEN CLEANIN' OUT RANCHES FER MILES AROUND-- BUT THAR DOESN'T SEEM TUH BE ANYTHIN' AROUND BUT **WOLVES!**



A SHORT DISTANCE BEYOND--

**JUMPIN' JIMSON-- THEY'RE READY TUH POUNCE ON THAT WADDY!**







THAT'S FAR TOO MANY O' THEM CRITTERS FER ME TUH HANDLE WITH MUH SIX-GUNS-- BUT THE PACK LEADER WILL BE THE FIRST TUH SPRING AT ME-- AND I AIM TUH CONCENTRATE ON HIM!



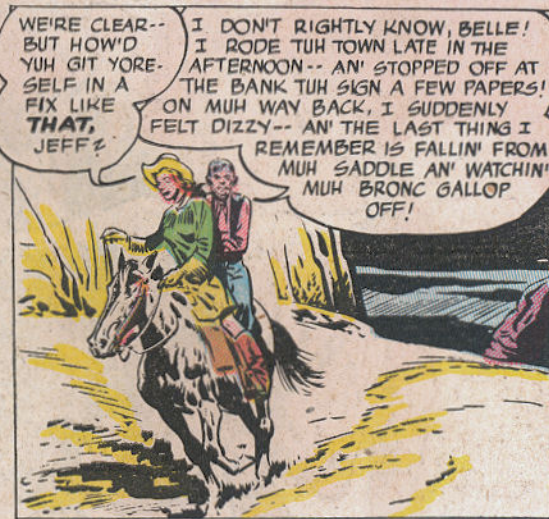
WITH THE WOLVES MILLING IN A FURIOUS BATTLE--

LET'S GIT MOVIN', AMIGO! SUFFERIN' SAGSAFRAS-- YUH'RE JEFF BAILEY!



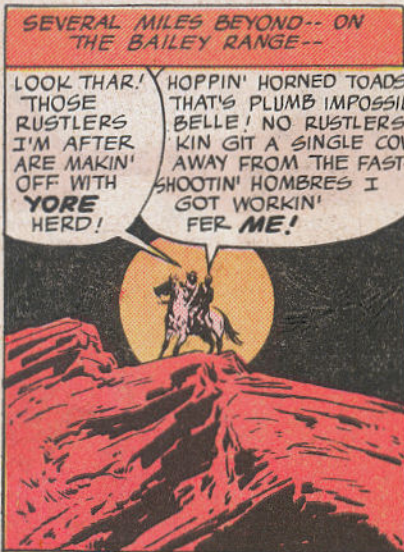
AS THE HUGE MARAUDER SPRINGS--

NOW, YUH SKULKIN' VARMIN'T-- I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TUH HELP THAT HOMBRE WHILE YORE PESKY PARDNERS ARE FIGHTIN' TUH SEE WHICH ONE OF 'EM TAKES OVER THE PACK!



WE'RE CLEAR-- BUT HOW'D YUH GIT YORE-SELF IN A FIX LIKE THAT, JEFF?

I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW, BELLE! I RODE TUH TOWN LATE IN THE AFTERNOON-- AN' STOPPED OFF AT THE BANK TUH SIGN A FEW PAPERS! ON MUH WAY BACK, I SUDDENLY FELT DIZZY-- AN' THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS FALLIN' FROM MUH SADDLE AN' WATCHIN' MUH BRONC GALLOP OFF!



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND-- ON THE BAILEY RANGE--

LOOK THAR! THOSE RUSTLERS I'M AFTER ARE MAKIN' OFF WITH YORE HERD!

HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS-- THAT'S PLUMB IMPOSSIBLE, BELLE! NO RUSTLERS KIN GIT A SINGLE COW AWAY FROM THE FAST-SHOOTIN' HOMBRES I GOT WORKIN' FER ME!



I JEST SEE TWO O' YORE WRANGLERS-- AN' THEY'RE BOTH WOUNDED! YUH WAIT HERE, JEFF-- IT'LL TAKE SOME TALL HUSTLIN' TUH SAVE THE HERD!



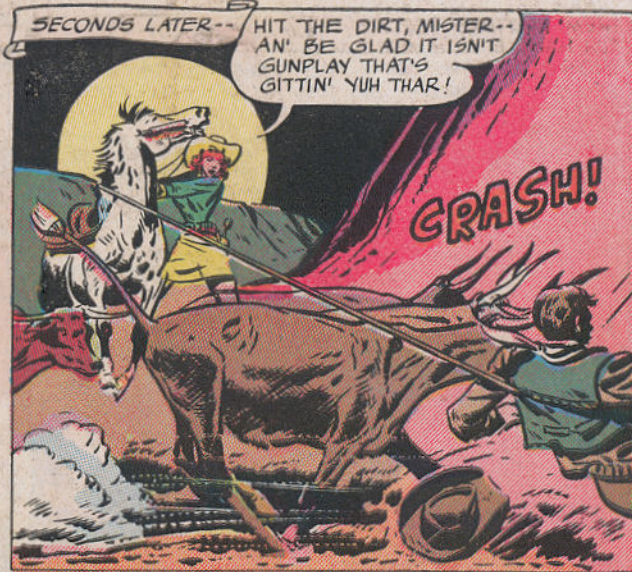
AS BELLE REACHES THE FLANK OF THE ONRUSHING HERD--

RUN WITH STEERS LONG ENOUGH, YUH SIDEWINDER-- AN' YUH'RE BOUND TUH GIT **BRANDED!**





THAR'S ONLY ONE WAY TUH CHECK THEM STEERS! ONE O' THE RUSTLERS IS RIDIN' AHEAD O' THE HERD-- AN' MEBBE I KIN SCARE THE CRITTERS INTUH SWERVIN' AROUND 'BY YANKIN' HIM OUT O' HIS SADDLE!



SECONDS LATER--

HIT THE DIRT, MISTER-- AN' BE GLAD IT ISN'T GUNPLAY THAT'S GITTIN' YUH THAR!

CRASH!

THEN-- JUST AS THE FRANTIC SHORTHORNS TURN SHARPLY--



CRASH!



BY THE TIME BELLE'S HEAD CLEARS--

THAR THEY GO--- HERDIN' EVERY LAST DOGIE ALONG WITH 'EM!



THAT MASKED VARMINT SEEMED TUH RIDE PLUMB OUT O' NOWHAR! YUH ALL RIGHT, BELLE?

GOLLY, JEFF-- A RUCKUS LIKE THAT JEST-GITS ME WARMED UP! LET'S SEE HOW YOUR WOUNDED COW-HANDS ARE DOIN'!

THE PAIR OF US DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE, BELLE! YUH SEE-- WHEN JEFF WAS HOURS LATE GITTIN' BACK FROM TOWN, THE OTHER COWPOKES RODE OUT TUH LOOK FER HIM!

YEP-- AN' THAT'S JEST WHAT THE RUSTLERS EXPECTED YUH DO! IN SOME WAY, JEFF WAS DRUGGED-- BECAUSE THOSE VARMINTS KNEW THAT MOST OF THE WADDIES WOULD SCATTER TUH SEARCH FER HIM-- WHILE THEY GRABBED THE UNGUARDED HERD!

I DON'T SAVVY HOW I COULD HAVE BEEN DRUGGED, BELLE! I STOPPED TUH SAY HOWDY TUH MEBBE A DOZEN HOMBRES BACK IN TOWN-- BUT I KIN VOUCH FER EVERY ONE OF 'EM-- AND BESIDES, YUH DON'T GIT YORESELF DOPED UP BY 'STANDIN' AROUND PALAVERIN' IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

IT MUST'VE HAPPENED SOMEHOW, JEFF-- AN' I AIM TUH GIT TUH THE BOTTOM OF IT!





NEXT AFTERNOON-- AT THE HOOSEGOW--

I'VE BEEN CHECKIN' THESE OTHER RECENT CASES O' RUSTLIN', LUKE -- AN' THEY ALL HAPPENED THE SAME WAY! A RANCHER WOULD COME TUH TOWN ON BUSINESS-- PASS OUT ON THE WAY HOME-- AN' HAVE HIS HERD STOLEN WHILE HIS COWPUNCHERS WERE OUT TRYIN' TUH FIND HIM!

PETE STEVENS JEST MOSIED INTUH THE BANK! HE'S ONE O' THE FEW STOCKMEN IN THESE PARTS WHO HASN'T BEEN VICTIMIZED BY THE RUSTLERS-- AN' MEBBE THE BEST WAY TUH PREVENT IT WOULD BE FER YUH TUH KEEP YORE EYE ON HIM!

REWARD  
\$1,000.00

LIVESTOCK AUCTION  
200 HEAD  
LONGHORN

A MOMENT LATER--

WAL, HOWLAND-- THESE PAPERS LOOK O.K. TUH ME!

GOOD! THEN ALL YUH GOTTA DO NOW IS SIGN 'EM, STEVENS!

BLAZES! I DIDN'T MEAN TUH STAB YUH, STEVENS!

DON'T FRET YORE-SELF, PARDNER-- I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT!

HOWDY, BELLE! YUH'RE LOOKIN' AS CUTE AS A CHEROKEE ROSE!

KEEP YORE PAWS WHAR THEY BELONG, HOWLAND-- OR YOU'LL FIND I KIN CHANGE INTUH A CACTUS MIGHTY FAST!

I CAN'T FIGGER WHY IT'S TAKIN' YOU SO LONG TO CORRAL THEM RUSTLERS, BELLE! THEY MUST BE PURTY DUMB-- OR THEY'D GIVE THEMSELVES UP SO'S THEY'D HAVE A CHANCE TUH BE AROUND YUH IN THE HOOSEGOW!

YEP! AN' ANY TIME YUH WANT MUH COMPANY, HOWLAND-- YUH KIN TRY THAT METHOD, TOO!

I DON'T HANKER TUH JINX YUH, STEVENS-- BUT WITH THE RUSTLERS STRIKIN' EVERYWHAR IN THE COUNTY-- IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF I RODE ALONG WITH YUH TUH YORE RANCH!

SHORE, BELLE! I DON'T RECKON THEM VARMINTS WILL HANKER TUH TANGLE WITH MUH WINCHESTER--TOTIN' COWHANDS-- BUT YUH NEVER KIN TELL!

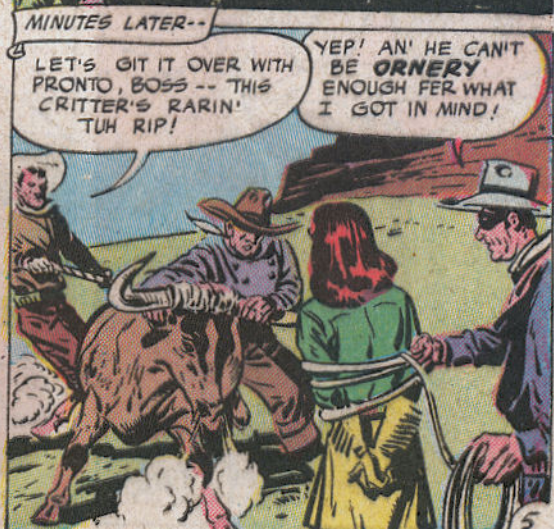
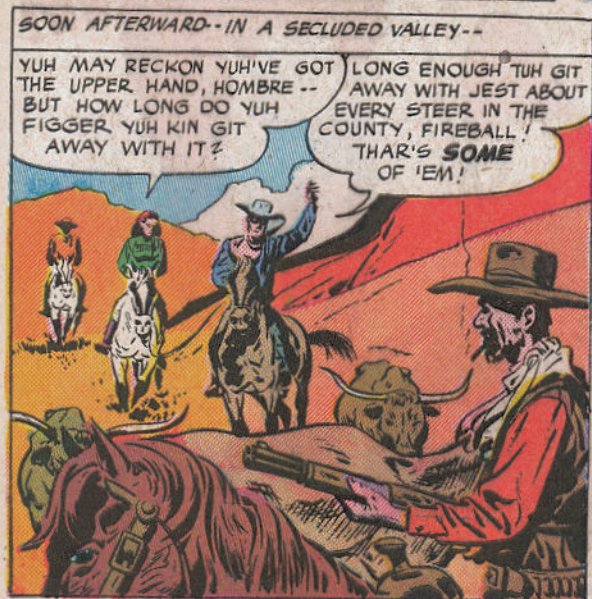
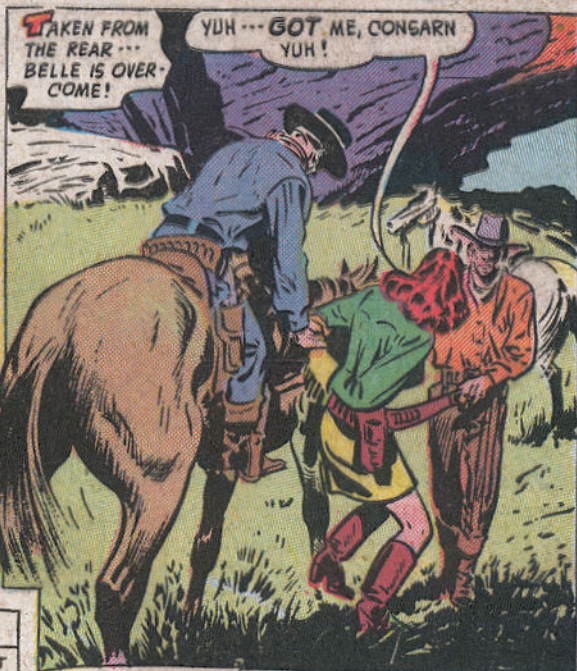
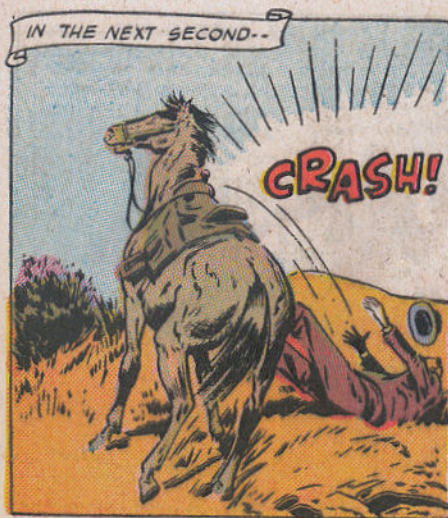
AN HOUR LATER-- ALONG THE TRAIL --

YUH KIN BET YORE BOOTS THAT BOSS RUSTLER WOULDN'T WEAR A MASK UNLESS HE'S SOMEONE WHO'S PURTY WELL KNOWN --- WHAT'S WRONG, STEVENS?

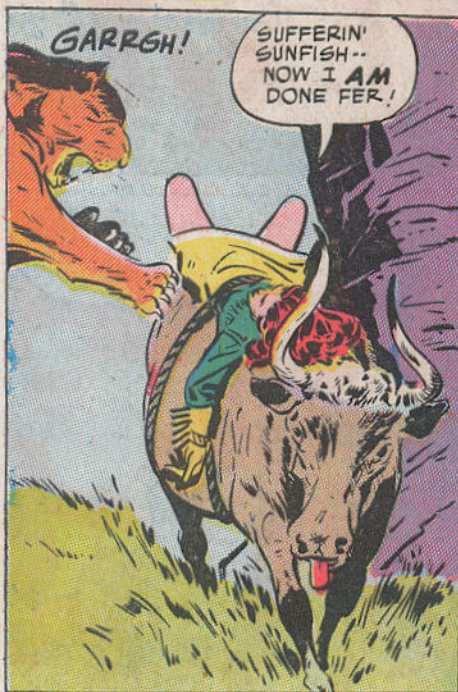
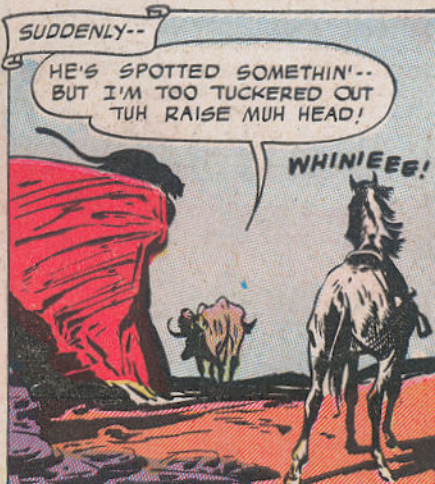
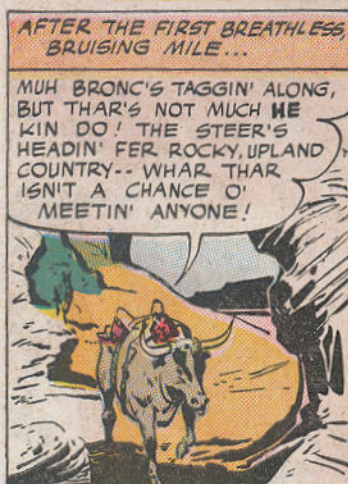
GITTIN' DIZZY... MUH HEAD'S SPINNIN'...!





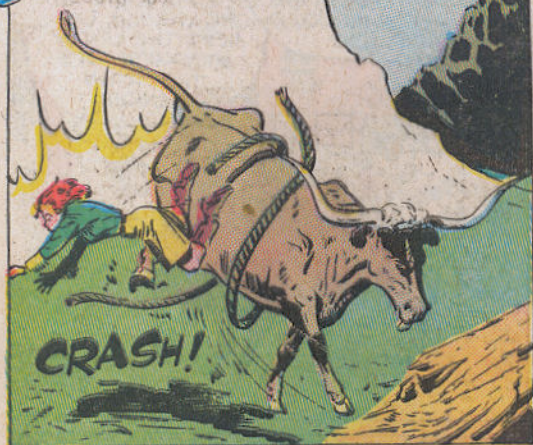








THEN-- AS THE COILS SLACKEN--



IN THE NEXT SECOND--

THE VARMINT'S STALKIN' ME-- AN' THE CLOSEST THING I'VE GOT TO A WEAPON IS THIS PEN!



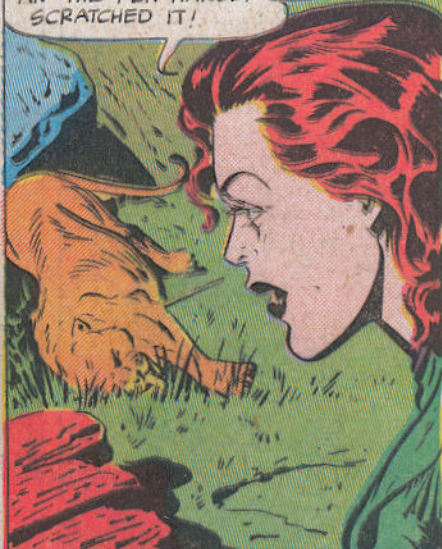
AS THE FANGED MENACE POUNCES--

IT'S A MIGHTY SMALL THING TO THROW-- BUT IT'S ALL I'VE GOT!

GARRRGH!



THE CRITTER'S COLLAPSED-- AN' THE PEN HARDLY SCRATCHED IT!



THAT'S JEST ONE THING WRONG WITH THAT COUGAR-- **IT'S BEEN DRUGGED!** I SUSPECTED HOWLAND WHEN STEVENS WAS STUCK BY THE PEN-- AN' QUIETLY TOOK ONE OF 'EM FROM THE INKSTAND WHILE HOWLAND WAS PALAVERIN' WITH ME! THE PEN POINTS ARE **HOLLOW--** AN' THE DRUG TOOK SOME TIME TUH WORK ON HOWLAND'S VICTIMS BECAUSE HE JABBED THEIR **HANDS!** THE COUGAR GOT THE DRUG PLANTED NEAR ITS **HEART--** AN' THAT'S WHY IT ACTED MORE QUICKLY!

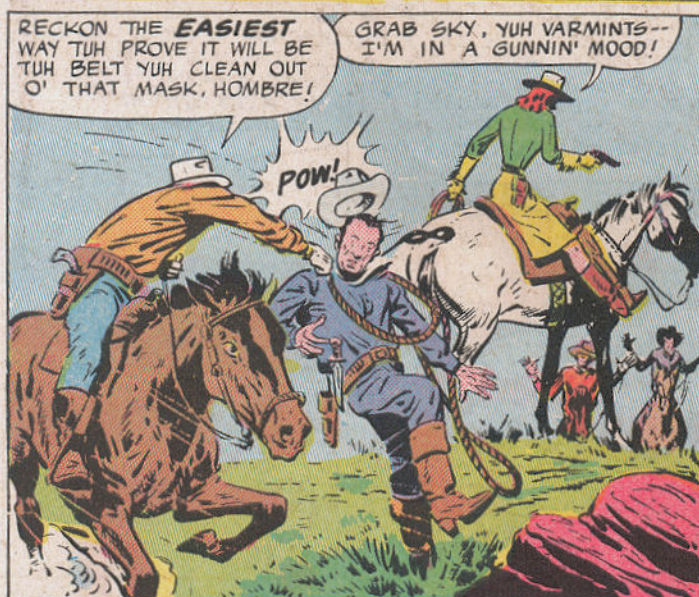
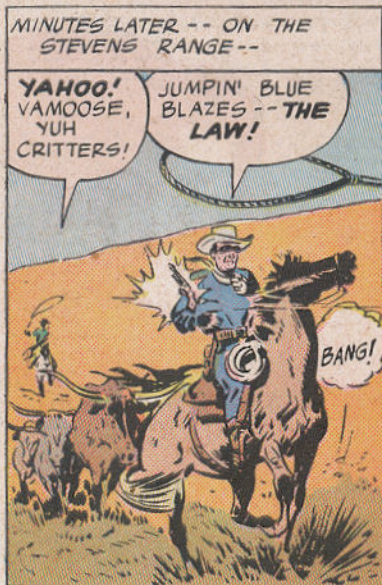
ONE THING'S SURE -- HOWLAND WILL BE OUT AFTER ONE MORE HERD AS THE MASKED RUSTLER-- NOW THAT STEVENS' WADDIES ARE OUT SEARCHIN' FER **HIM!** PHWEET!



BRONC, I HANKER TUH GIVE HOWLAND A DOUBLE-BARRELED DOSE O' THE LAW-- AN' **THAT MEANS TEAMIN' UP WITH SHERIFF LUKE HANLEY!**









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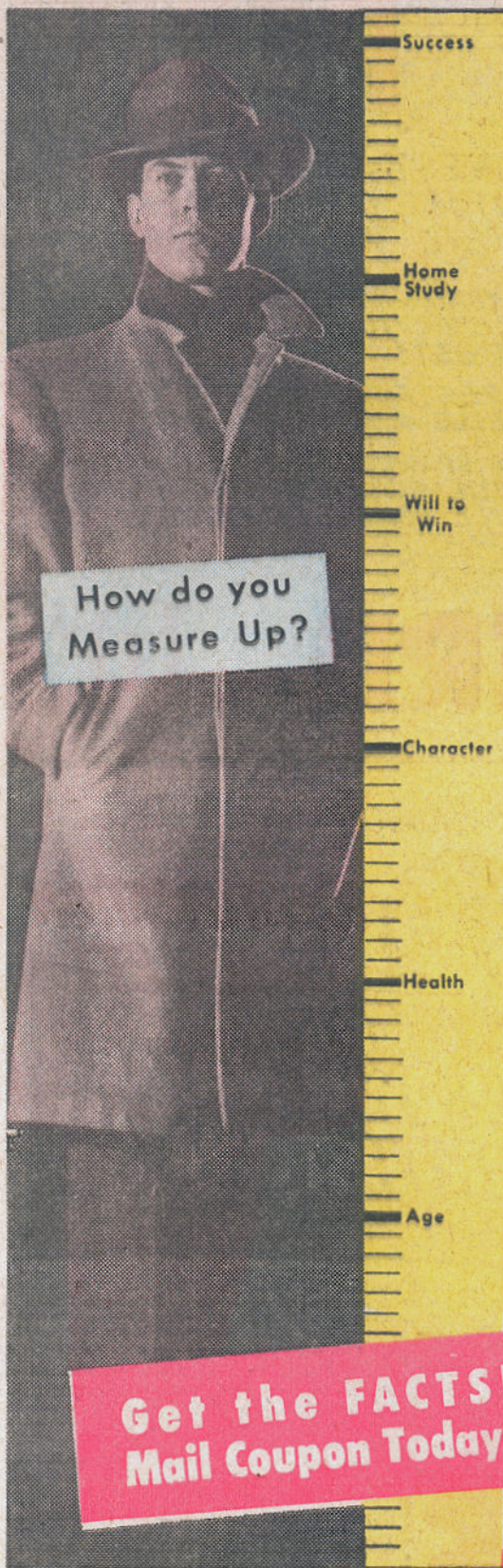
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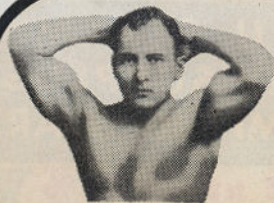
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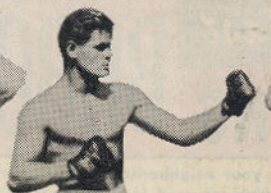




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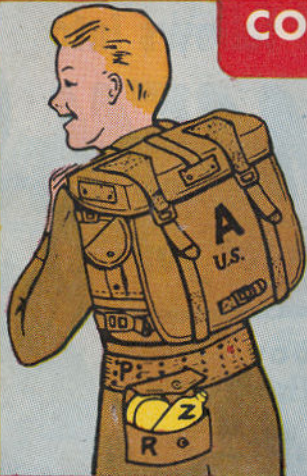
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